

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 167.—VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1863.

[PRICE 4d.
Unstamped.]

The Siege of Charleston.
The Birkenhead Steam-rams.
Paymaster Smales.
American Liberties.
Polite Ruffianism.
The Austrian Plot at Frankfort.
Premature Old Age.

Cheating the Dead.
A French Idea in Mexico Ten Years Ago.
Miss Nightingale on the Indian Army.
Peasant Life in Norfolk.
The Slave-trade in Dahomey.
Church Reform, No. II.—Revision of
the Liturgy.—Correspondence.

REVIEWS :—
A French Priest's View of Ireland.
A Raid into Manchuria.
Mr. J. E. Reade's Laureate Wreath.
Crowe's History of France.
Hugh Miller's Tales and Sketches.
Chesterford.

SCIENCE :—
The Sanitary State of our Watering
Places—Tynemouth.
The Charleston Great Guns.
MONEY AND COMMERCE.
List of New Books and Publications.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.



WHATEVER may be the defects of a democratic Government elsewhere, it must be admitted that, in America, in time of public danger, the ablest men are placed in command. During the early period of the present civil war, the officers appointed from Washington were too often ignorant or incompetent. On the other hand, Jefferson Davis, from the first, appears to have exhibited remarkable judgment in selecting the men to command the Southern armies. But experience seems to have taught the North the importance of following the example of the South; and it is no exaggeration to say that Meade, Grant, Rosecranz, and Gilmore, have displayed some of the highest military qualities, whilst Dahlgren, Porter, and Farragut have maintained the naval reputation of their ancestors. The last success which has been achieved by the Federals is the demolition of Fort Sumter, and, considering the difficulty of the enterprise, it must be admitted to be a remarkable exploit. There is no reason to suppose that any English naval officer with the scientific reputation of Dahlgren would fail to find employment as an admiral in time of war; but it is a curious fact that, according to the practice of the English service, no artillery officer, however distinguished, would be permitted to occupy the position of General Gilmore at Charleston. In India, indeed, the practice has been different; but the traditions of the Horse Guards peremptorily exclude such men as Gilmore, Todtleben, and Napoleon—all engineers and artillery officers—from commanding an army in the field. Every day furnishes new proofs of the increasing importance of artillery in military

operations. It is reasonable, therefore, to conjecture that henceforth the generals to command British armies will be selected from every branch of the service, and that some of the ablest and most scientific officers will not be excluded simply because they possess these rare qualities.

The attack upon Charleston has several objects. In the first place, this city was the cradle of Secession. It fired the first gun, and therefore it seems almost to have become a point of honour with the North to take the city. In the second place, possession of Charleston harbour will relieve the Northern fleet from one of its most difficult tasks. There is no port which is more difficult to guard than that of Charleston, and this was conclusively established the other day by the fact that, at the very moment when the bombardment of Fort Sumter was going on, two vessels managed to elude the Northern ships, and to enter the harbour. Besides which, it may be observed that during the autumn the sea is so tempestuous along the Carolina coast, that blockading becomes almost impossible. Indeed, this fact alone sufficiently explains the zeal with which the siege has been pushed on by General Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren. They wanted to obtain shelter for their ships inside the bar before the equinox. In the last place, Charleston would afford a new base of operations for expeditions against Wilmington and Savannah, and the possession of these two towns would effectually deprive the Confederates of almost every practical port of entry except Mobile. It will be remembered that the last attempt against Charleston proved a complete failure,—the iron-clads were detained by the floating ropes which fouled their screws, and the land forces under General Hunter were unable to advance sufficiently near the town to co-operate in the naval attack. General Hunter was replaced by General Gilmore, whilst Admiral Dahlgren took command of the fleet, consisting of seven ironclads and six wooden vessels.

It will be observed that the mouth of Charleston harbour is inclosed by two tongues of land. On the south, Morris Island runs northward until it terminates at Cumming's Point. On the north lies Sullivan's Island, at the end of which stands Fort Moultrie to guard the harbour. Fort Sumter, which lies between Fort Moultrie and Cumming's Point, is built upon an artificial island, and is constructed of solid brick and concrete masonry. But as it was intended to defend the channel, its weak side is towards the south-west, and thus the fort is secure against any attack by ships. The plan of General Gilmore was designed to obviate this difficulty. Before his arrival some few men had been landed on Morris Island. These were increased, and a considerable body of troops was firmly established on this and upon James's Island. The latter, however, it became necessary to abandon, and attempts were made to carry Fort

Wagner and the battery beyond. This proved too difficult. It was therefore determined to bombard Fort Sumter. The nearest distance at which the batteries could be planted was about two miles and a quarter, or 3,960 yards, and it might seem impossible at so great a distance to produce any marked effect, especially as it was necessary to fire over Fort Wagner. But General Gilmore and the officers under him overcame all difficulties. After seven days' bombardment, extending from the 17th to the 23rd of August,—“including two days on which a powerful north-east storm most seriously diminished the accuracy of the fire,”—General Gilmore reported to General Halleck that Fort Sumter was a “shapeless, harmless mass of ruins.” What the effect of the destruction of this fort may be, is not quite clear. The principal channel for ships lies between Sumter and Fort Moultrie; and it does not appear that without a military force, any of the land defences will be silenced. It is not improbable that the fleet may be able to get into the harbour. At all events it is reported that Fort Wagner has surrendered, and the result of that must be, that the whole of Morris Island will soon fall into the hands of the Federals. Nor is this all. General Gilmore has so advanced his batteries towards the west, that they are “within range of the heart of Charleston.” There can be no doubt, therefore, that all the buildings and wooden ships there may be destroyed; but the question still remains, whether the Federals will be able to land a sufficient military force to take and occupy the city. It is better to wait until General Gilmore's plans are more fully developed before attempting to anticipate their results.

It is to be hoped that the officers now conducting the operations before Charleston have taken careful note of the effects produced by the different sorts of guns which have been employed. The results are more striking than any which have hitherto occurred, and they may prove of the utmost importance in determining the nature of the forts which ought to be erected at Portsmouth and Plymouth. At the same time, there is nothing yet to show that fixed forts built in the sea are not the most efficient means of defending harbours. If General Gilmore had not succeeded in landing a force on Morris Island, it seems doubtful whether even the iron-clads at 2,000 yards would have produced any effect upon the brick-work of Fort Sumter. These iron-clads, it will be observed, were at half the distance from Fort Sumter of Gilmore's batteries; but, on the other hand, Gilmore's batteries were able to assail the weakest part of the fort. That Beauregard committed a grave error in permitting General Gilmore to establish himself in Morris Island, is beyond question. At the same time, it must be remembered that, until Fort Sumter was taken, the men in Fort Wagner withstood every assault, and might still have succeeded in holding out. The difficulty of taking Fort Wagner arose simply from the fact that the Federals could not invest it, and that whatever damage was done during the day was speedily repaired at night. The truth probably is, that General Beauregard did not believe in the possibility of any guns on Morris Island reaching either Fort Sumter or Charleston so as to produce any serious damage. But he has proved to be mistaken. Sumter is in ruins, and Charleston is under fire. Nor is it improbable that after some time the city may be compelled to surrender.

THE BIRKENHEAD STEAM-RAMS.

THE question as to the legality and propriety of permitting our shipwrights to build vessels of war which are designed for, or may ultimately find their way into, the Confederate service, has been again raised and eagerly discussed. The discussion was opened by a singularly undignified and inconclusive appeal from Mr. Nassau Senior, urging our Government to seize the steam-rams now in course of construction in Mr. Laird's yard at Birkenhead, simply because the Northerners are very angry, and will probably declare war against us if we allow them to sail; but entirely passing over the two questions whether these vessels really are being built for the Confederates, and whether, if they are, the law would justify their seizure; or rather, assuming an affirmative answer to both questions. This demand has called forth a series of very able letters signed “Phocion,” and published in the *Times*, explaining in a very clear and dispassionate manner what impartial justice requires of us in this matter, and what existing law

will enable us to do. The subject is not only one of great interest and importance, but is one which presses for immediate decision and action, and we are beginning to see our way in it much more clearly than we did a few months ago. The issue is greatly narrowed, and admits, we think, both of very definite statement and very simple solution, without encumbering ourselves with any disputed or disputable matter.

It is now admitted on all hands that to furnish any commodity, even munitions of war, to either belligerent, involves no breach of *national* neutrality, nor any violation of the law of nations, so long as we furnish them to both belligerents impartially. They are furnished, of course, at the risk of the purchaser or sender, and are liable to capture on the high seas. Englishmen may supply such articles if they please, and Americans may seize them if they can. It is also now admitted, and finally determined by reference to decisions of American Prize Courts and American judges of the highest repute and authority, that, among the articles which may be thus (according to international law and usage) furnished to belligerents, are vessels of war, completely armed and equipped, provided they are furnished, sent out, and sold as a commercial transaction, and supplied on demand impartially to both parties. That is, armed ships, just as much as merchant ships freighted with arms, may be supplied by neutrals to belligerents subject to seizure by the menaced belligerent as soon as they are three miles away from the neutral shore.

There is nothing, therefore, in the recognized law of nations to forbid Mr. Laird building *Alabamas*, iron-clads, or steam-rams, for the Confederate Government, or selling such direct to Confederate agents, any more than to prevent Messrs. Smith, of Birmingham, from making Blakeley guns or Enfield rifles for the Federal Government, or selling such to Federal agents, as has been done in scores of instances. But there is a municipal law, named the “Foreign Enlistment Act,” which, it is argued, *does* forbid, and was intended to prevent, and would suffice to stop, all such transactions as those in which Mr. Laird has been and is still supposed to be engaged. The seventh clause of that Act, which was passed in 1819, prohibits the “fitting out, arming, furnishing, and equipping any vessel of war, with intent to commit hostilities against a Power or Government with which we are at peace.” Now, though it is doubtful whether this clause was *designed* to prohibit and prevent such proceedings as the construction and sale of ships to the Confederate States, there is no doubt whatever that it *does* not and cannot prevent them. If, as some maintain, the Act was passed to prevent British subjects from taking service under foreign Powers, and fitting out privateers or piratical expeditions against friendly States in our ports, then the Act is efficient for its purpose. If, on the other hand, as is generally assumed, as the American Government declares, and as our Government appears by implication to admit, it was passed with a view of preventing the construction and sale of ships of war for the service of one friendly State, and to be employed against another friendly State, then it is certain that the Act is very ill-drawn and very ineffective. For not only does it require the proof of an *intention*—of all things the one most difficult to prove by decent witnesses, and to the satisfaction of a British judge and a British jury, who are always nervously jealous as to evidence of *inferential* and *constructive* guilt—but it is so worded as to render it singularly easy of evasion—singularly easy to keep within the letter of the law, and yet to commit the act which the law is supposed to prohibit. This has been shown already in the case of the *Alabama*, and by the result of the trial in the case of the *Alexandra*, and will be still more clearly shown in the case of the two steam-rams now building in the Mersey; and if anyone still entertains any doubts upon this head, they will be removed by a perusal of the very temperate, fair, and masterly lecture lately delivered by the Chichele Professor of International Law at Oxford. In the first place, if the ship leaves the neutral port *unarmed*, and unsupplied with munitions of war, she is not “equipped” within the terms or meaning of the Act, and cannot legally be interfered with, although it may be surmised (or known) that her guns, armaments, ammunition, and fighting crew have been sent out as cargo by another vessel, and are now awaiting her either in a foreign port or on the high seas. This was the case of the *Alabama*. Or, secondly, the builder may easily so effectually conceal all indication or adequate proof or

presumption of hostile or illegal "intent," that no jury would dream of giving a verdict against him. This, to a great extent, was the case of the *Alexandra*. Or, thirdly, the ship may be ordered by, and delivered to, and paid for from the funds of any citizen of another neutral State, with whom the trade is perfectly regular, usual, and legitimate;—although there can be no moral doubt that such foreign purchaser intends to sell her to the Confederate States as soon as he obtains possession. Thus, Mr. Laird may, with perfect lawfulness and innocence, build steam-rams or iron-plated ships of war for the Pacha of Egypt, or an agent of the Emperor of China, or a French banker, or a Hamburg speculator, and he may build them on such a model as both he and his customer know perfectly well will best suit the demands and notions of the Confederate States, and he may be convinced that they *will*, and his customer may intend that they *shall*, ultimately be sold and delivered to the Confederate Government; yet the Foreign Enlistment Act will have been in no point violated, and the law cannot interpose any impediment to the transaction. This is the case, we are given to understand, of the steam-rams now under discussion.

It is certain, then, that the Foreign Enlistment Act, *i. e.*, the law as it at present stands, will not and cannot prevent the supply, direct or indirect, to the Confederate navy of ships of war built in British ports. The sole remaining question is, "Ought, then, the law to be so altered that it will prevent such transactions?" This could easily be done, but can only be done by the enactment of a new law;—for since the purpose and meaning of any Act is inferred, and can only be properly inferred, from what it effectually does or prohibits, any such modification of the Foreign Enlistment Act as would make it order or prohibit what it does not now order or prohibit, would be truly and virtually the passing of a new law. Could we, therefore, now decently or justly pass such a law? There can be no doubt that we could not. The admirably lucid and cogent argument of "Phocion" in the *Times* of Tuesday seems to us to place this conclusion beyond question. We could neither pass a new law on the matter nor essentially alter the scope and operation of an old one, without a distinct and flagrant breach of neutrality. For, in the first place, the building of ships of war of all kinds and for all countries has for some time been one of the most profitable and most recognized businesses of our great shipwrights. It is a branch of that "customary trade" which the great American authorities, diplomatic and judicial, have declared that any nation carrying it on in time of peace has a full right to carry on equally in time of war—subject, of course, but subject only, to the usual belligerent right of seizure *in transitu*. To prohibit and interrupt such a trade, therefore, at the request of one belligerent, because it would benefit the other, would be an *unneutral* act, as well as an unwarrantable interference with the regular commerce and industry of our own citizens. And, in the second place, although no doubt any country has a sort of abstract and *prima facie* right to prohibit the trade of its subjects in any commodity it chooses, yet it is equally certain that to single out, *pending a war*, a special article, and to prohibit the export of that article, if it be one which is much wanted by one of the belligerents and little, if at all, wanted by the other, would be obvious partiality and gross injustice, and about as thorough a violation of neutrality as can well be imagined. In the case of a war between two nations, one of which needs provisions while the other needs arms, or between two others, one of which needs ships and the other needs cavalry—for a neutral to forbid the export to both parties and to every quarter of either food, or arms, or ships, or horses, would be, while bearing a superficial varnish and pretext of equal dealing, about as cynical a piece of partiality as was ever committed. It would virtually be to take a part in the war, and might fairly be treated by the injured party as a *casus belli*. It is into such a breach of neutrality as this that Mr. Senior, and Mr. Adams, and the Emancipation Society wish our Government to plunge.

PAYMASTER SMALES.

THE conduct of the War-Office towards Captain Smales is at present simply unintelligible; and unless the military authorities condescend to explain themselves, the public will justly conclude that explanation is impossible. It may be remembered that Captain Smales was the Paymaster of the

6th Inniskilling Dragoons, when Colonel Crawley assumed command of that regiment. Until that period Mr. Smales had borne the highest character, and had extorted the praises of his superior officers and of the War-Office. Moreover, the 6th Dragoons, under Colonels White and Shute, the immediate predecessors of Colonel Crawley, had been pronounced again and again a model regiment. But shortly after Colonel Crawley assumed command the regiment became disorganized, and in fact both officers and men were in a state of mutiny. How this came about has never yet been explained; but probably if the real facts were disclosed, the relations between the colonel and many of the officers would appear to be eminently natural. During these mutual bickerings, there can be no doubt that the conduct of Colonel Crawley was tyrannical and aggravating—especially towards the Paymaster. The result was, that on the 26th of February, 1862, whilst the regiment was at Mhow, the Paymaster addressed a letter to the Colonel, which dwelt upon the annoyances to which he had been subjected, and charged the Colonel with neglect of his duties. For this the Paymaster was brought to a court-martial—the accusation being that he had made certain false and malicious statements against his commanding officer. The trial lasted more than two months. It began the 1st of April, it closed the 9th of June, 1862. The result was that Mr. Smales was found guilty of all the charges, and was sentenced to be cashiered. This is not the place to discuss the strange things that were done under the name of justice by Colonel Payn, the president of the Court, or to recall the terrible fate that befell Sergeant-Major Lilley. Those are matters which the approaching trial of Captain Crawley will furnish a better opportunity of elucidating. Suffice it to say that the sentence pronounced at Mhow on the 9th of June was confirmed by Sir Hugh Rose on the 11th of July, 1862. In vain Paymaster Smales appealed to the Duke of Cambridge to revise the proceedings of the court-martial. On the 30th of May last, he read in the *London Gazette* the appointment of his successor as Paymaster, and that he had been finally cashiered. But what was his surprise to find, by a letter addressed to him by Mr. Denison, the Deputy Judge-Advocate-General, on the 4th of June, that "all the papers relative to his case had just been submitted to the Judge-Advocate-General." To cashier an officer, and then to take steps to ascertain whether he has been legally cashiered, is surely somewhat novel. Nor is this all. The Judge-Advocate, after consideration, declared that the whole proceedings of the Mhow Court-martial were "vitiated," and therefore recommended that Mr. Smales should be pardoned—but only from the 21st of June. What can this mean? Mr. Smales had been found guilty and sentenced on the 9th of June, 1862, and the Commander-in-Chief in India had confirmed that sentence on the 11th of July. Mr. Smales was, accordingly, cashiered. In May, 1863, that sentence was recorded in the *London Gazette*. But more than a month after, the proceedings upon which that sentence was founded were pronounced illegal. The trial was declared to have been no trial, and therefore the cashiered man was pardoned. Having been cashiered in May, he is pardoned from the following June—a palpable contradiction. If Mr. Smales had never been cashiered he would never have needed a pardon. If he is pardoned, he surely cannot continue to be cashiered.

Lord De Grey is a man of common sense, and therefore it is surprising that he should for a moment have permitted himself to be spell-bound by such a ridiculous fallacy as that imposed upon him by his legal advisers. If Paymaster Smales was illegally tried and illegally convicted, he is entitled to have that conviction reversed, and to be restored to his original position. This is a right which belongs to the humblest subject in this realm. The Paymaster has indeed been pardoned, but has obtained nothing by it. He is now a civilian—he is not to be recommended to active employment—even his half-pay is denied him. He combines all the disadvantages of being pardoned with all the penalties of being cashiered. He is like a dead man dangling at Newgate with the Queen's pardon tied round his neck. But then it is said that Mr. Smales is a defaulter to the extent of £2,000. This is a serious statement, and it is to be hoped that the military authorities have not been so rash as to give any countenance to it. Mr. Smales positively denies that there is a word of truth in the statement. Indeed, he asserts that a regimental committee which was appointed to examine his accounts, "proved his public accounts to be in a perfectly correct state, with a balance

standing in his favour." Most certainly, if Mr. Smales is a defaulter, his conduct is singularly eccentric. A defaulter is a man who cannot pay his debts, or has misappropriated public money left in his charge. A Paymaster is in the position of a public accountant—is bound to the Crown. He is not only liable to be sued, indicted, and incarcerated, but his sureties are liable to pay the sum due by their principal. But Mr. Smales says, in a letter addressed to the *Times*, dated the 9th of September, "I have never had, directly or indirectly, a single demand made against me in respect of my accounts," and this statement is confirmed by official documents addressed to him by the War-Office. If Mr. Smales is a defaulter, why do the authorities neglect to proceed against him? Why does Mr. Smales proclaim his presence in London instead of making his escape? To judge from the conduct of Mr. Smales and the War-Office, the more probable conclusion would seem to be that the defaulter is at the War-Office. In vain Mr. Smales presents himself at that department to discuss his liabilities as a Paymaster. Sir Edward Lugard cannot be got to see him on any such subject. In fact, the military authorities seem determined to consider Mr. Smales a defaulter. It is absolutely necessary for their case. They therefore decline to accept payment of the money due to them, or to allow the unfortunate Paymaster to prove his innocence. To refuse to send in an account is an old-fashioned device invented by plausible tradesmen to keep customers on their books. But the War-Office is certainly the first public office that has found it necessary to have recourse to any such piece of ingenuity.

The manner in which Mr. Smales has been treated by the War-Office is simply indefensible. That officer undoubtedly wrote an insubordinate letter to his colonel, for which he ought to have been punished. But he was not tried on that charge, and the charge upon which he was tried failed. The Mhow court-martial was illegal, and being illegal, the Paymaster ought to have been restored. Instead of that, he still remains a civilian. Nor is this all. The grossest imputations are made against his personal honour. He is accused of being a defaulter; he is branded as a dishonest man. This is an accusation which Mr. Smales is entitled to have proved or disproved; and we are fain to believe that Lord De Grey has too keen a sense of justice to delay any longer taking means to set the matter at rest.

AMERICAN LIBERTIES.

IT is far too early to predict what will be the ultimate and entire effect of the conflict now raging upon the civil liberties and the political institutions of either section of the old American Republic. But it is not too early to be able to affirm that the effect on both must be immense, and will probably be lasting. Already, individual rights and corporate claims and privileges have suffered largely in the strife, and are day by day regarded with more and more cynical indifference, and trampled underfoot with more and more peremptory violence. In all wars, and more especially in civil wars, the necessities or fancied necessities of military action are allowed to override all other considerations. To use an expression of Burke's, "Laws are commanded to hold their tongue amid arms, and tribunals fall to the ground with the peace they are no longer able to uphold. It is rare indeed that authorities and principles which have been set at naught during a severe and prolonged national catastrophe again raise their heads uninjured when the crisis is past, or recover their old sacredness, or are suffered to resume their old supremacy. No free or law-loving country can pass with impunity through a struggle of two or three years' continuance, during which law and freedom have been suspended, and during which right has been obliged to give way to force.

America certainly will not present an exception of this sort. The war began with a violation of the two special principles most cherished as distinctive and fundamental and most boasted of by that great Federal Republic—viz., the inherent and inalienable right of every people to elect their own rulers and to choose their own form of government; and the separate and unassailable sovereignty (within certain specified limits clearly defined by the written constitution of the Union) of each State. For, whatever may be our opinion as to the plea which the Federal Government may draw from considerations of policy and morals to justify their attempt to treat Secession as rebellion and to put down Secessionists by force; however indignant we may feel, or

consider them warranted in feeling, at the arrogance and indecent haste which accompanied the first measures of the Southerners; whatever judgment we may form as to the question whether slavery be or be not so deadly a sin and so transcendent a wrong as to sanction the neglect of other principles and the commission of other wrongs in order to limit or destroy it; whether we believe or not that the Federals had at the outset, or have now, any real desire for emancipation or any real sympathy for the negro; and however well we can understand and make allowance for the mortification and anger of patriots who saw their ambitious hopes and their dreams of boundless dominion for their country suddenly menaced with destruction; whatever may be our sentiments on these collateral matters, no man can deny that the determination to compel eight millions of men, who wished to live under Jefferson Davis, to submit to the rule of Abraham Lincoln, was a distinct violation of the Democratic doctrine that political freedom consists in the right of a people to fix its own institutions and to choose its own rulers; or that to refuse to Virginia and Carolina the right to secede when they had resolved to do so, was a distinct negation of the doctrine of State sovereignty.

Of course, a war that began thus was not likely to be carried on in an inconsistent fashion. It was to be expected that the Washington Government would not scruple, in the pursuit of their object, or, it may be said, in their performance of the work they had undertaken, to disregard the rights and institutions of their own section of the Union as completely as they had done those of their antagonists. Indeed, one of the most peculiar and constant features of Federal action, both at home and abroad, has been a most vehement and direct pursuit of their aim, and an utter recklessness as to the means by which it was sought. They appear to have felt that their cause was so sacred and their purpose so noble as to sanction and hallow any proceedings by which they could be furthered, and that it was pure pedantry and particularity to allow anything, whether individual rights, or established institutions, or municipal law, or international usage, to stand in their way or be pleaded in bar of their action. The President suspended the *Habeas Corpus* of his own will and motion,—that is to say, the chief of the executive took upon himself to abolish by ukase a constitutional safeguard invented and directed specially as a security against executive tyranny. The writs of judges have been repeatedly set at naught by military commanders, and in some cases the judges have been imprisoned for issuing them and the judges' officers for executing them. Citizens of respectability and eminence have been arrested and confined in gaol on illegal warrants, and often on no warrants at all. They have been imprisoned and banished for speaking in a manner displeasing to some military bully, even though they held civil and parliamentary functions and immunities, as was the case with Mr. Vallandigham, and did not go one step beyond that ordinary freedom of speech and comment on public matters which used to be as common and as indispensable to an American as his daily bread. And, finally, in a country where the liberty of the press had never for one hour been either limited or withheld,—nay, where that liberty had habitually been carried further than in most free countries would be considered decent or endurable,—we have seen newspapers innumerable suppressed or suspended, sometimes by the arbitrary decree of the executive Government, sometimes at the mere dictum of the general commanding in the district.

These various violations of the rights and liberties of American citizens have at last culminated in the scenes which are now witnessed at New York. The Federal Government, having so mismanaged its affairs in the field as to sacrifice army after army, and at length, in spite of enormous bounties and volunteers, having found it impossible to recruit its forces as rapidly as it wasted them, has issued orders for a compulsory conscription, under the authority of an Act of Congress, and is now enforcing this conscription in the several States which still adhere to the Union. Now, the State authorities in New York deny the right of either Congress or the President thus to encroach upon the separate sovereignty of the State, or to order a levy of men within its boundary by Federal decree. They declare this conscription to be illegal. By a peculiar provision of the American Constitution there is a tribunal—the Supreme Court—which is invested with the power and the special function of deciding, in case of disputes between the State

and the General Government, whether the Congress and the Executive have or have not exceeded their constitutional prerogatives. If they have, then the Supreme Court declares the questioned proceeding or enactment to be null and void. The Governor of New York requires the President to suspend the conscription till the Supreme Court shall have pronounced on its legal validity, which he impugns. Mr. Lincoln refuses; he answers that he has no objection to allow an appeal to the Supreme Court, but that he will not wait for its decision. That is, he resolves to seize some thousand citizens, and send them off to the chances of wounds and death on the battle-field, though it is possible and probable that in a few weeks it may be decided by the highest authority in the realm that he was guilty of a violation of the law by doing so, and has incurred thereby the risk, and probably the guilt, of murder on a vast scale; for, both in law and justice, every conscript illegally drafted who falls in the ranks is entitled to lay his death at Mr. Lincoln's door, and it is at present more than probable that the draft is illegal. And not only is the legality of the conscription denied by the New York authorities, but the conscription itself is vehemently resented by the New York citizens, and has to be carried out by force. Mr. Lincoln has located 25,000 troops in the State and city, in order to compel obedience to the draft. So that the richest and most populous State and the largest and most commercial city in the American Republic, the Land of Liberty *par excellence*, present this singular spectacle. In a war of aggression, said to be waged with the most unanimous zeal and determination, the most democratic Government of the freest country under the sun, wielding almost unlimited pecuniary resources, cannot obtain soldiers to recruit its armies, except by violating—or, at least, stretching—the law, and selecting its conscripts at the point of the bayonet. In order to obtain 25,000 raw recruits it is compelled to employ 25,000 trained soldiers, the fellow-citizens of these recruits, to guard the balloting station and to carry off the victims. And this in a land where nearly every man has a vote, and where, in theory, the Government is the more concentrated expression of the popular will! The nearest approach to the scenes now enacting in New York was furnished in the days of impressment in some of our seaport-towns, and is now to be found in barbarous and autocratic Russia. America may come out of the conflict with a strong Government, and, perhaps, a military despotism; but it is hard to believe that she will come out of it a really free or law-governed country or a federation of independent States.

POLITE RUFFIANISM.

THE literary patronage of pugilism has advanced another stage. There was something indirect and tentative in its early steps. An excuse was first sought in the garrotting panic, in the dark evenings of last November, for commending "the study of an art, too much neglected amongst us." The time had not yet come to urge the revival, as a mere sensational amusement, of that ugly trade in clenched fists and battered faces which flourished under the Regency, and in those days of fashionable debauchery when George IV. was king. It was, therefore, more plausibly advocated as a measure of public utility, in order that the Londoner might be qualified for personal self-defence. Some of us had been frightened by the street exploits of a gang of midnight robbers and stranglers, who for a time escaped the vigilance of our police. There was a popular apprehension that the regular forces of public security were quite unable to maintain the Queen's peace and the law of the land. We were told, therefore, to encourage a set of venal pothouse champions, who will bruise each other's visages, for a given sum of money, in defiance of the law and peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen. And if this proposal was logically inappropriate, it was at the same time no less practically inefficient to remedy the evil. For, granting that the city highwaymen should be encountered thus singly, with their own weapons handled in their own way, it might rather have been advisable for us all to have taken lessons in garrotting, or in the use of the deadly bludgeon, from the school of professional instructors duly certified with a Home-office ticket of leave. *Fas est ab hoste doceri*. Among those skilful and experienced practitioners, whose high proficiency was attested last Christmas by the sentence of Baron Bramwell at the Central Criminal Court, there were some who could have taught us, far better than all the science of the

P.R., how to elude the dreaded "hug," or the sudden knock-down blow, administered by the stealthy followers of our nocturnal walks. Indeed, as we took leave at that very time to point out, a considerable knowledge of boxing,—which, apart from the degrading associations of the P.R., is not a bad thing in itself,—might avail a man very little against that peculiar danger. It is of no use to be expert in the artifices of the feint and parry with an antagonist who does not stand in your front, but grapples your throat from behind. The art of wrestling, a manly and bloodless pastime, a true old English sport, would be much more likely to serve your turn at close quarters with those ferocious street-robbers, who may now, for aught we know, be laying their plans for another winter campaign. But we had enough to say for the art of wrestling in our paper of last week.

As for this old stale pretext of the utility, for defensive purposes, of a most offensive practice, that is an argument which, if it was ever seriously advanced, would seem to be no longer relied on, for the *Saturday Review* now declares that prize-fighting is to be tolerated, simply because there are some people who like it. It is, then, an axiom with our contemporary, that all people should be freely indulged with every sort of entertainment that they happen to like. Is this, without exception, to be henceforth understood? There are still, we believe, a good many people, in some parts of England, who, with Lord Hastings, like cock-fighting, not only for six days of the week, but on Sundays also; and who would, perhaps, like a good bout of bear-baiting or bull-baiting, if the local magistracy were minded to allow a revival of those ancient sports. We have no doubt that a good many people would like a Spanish bull-fight, if it be imported for their peculiar gratification. It is even conceivable that, by a gradual depravation of the popular taste, they might, in one or two generations, be brought to like a mortal combat of armed gladiators, or a fight of men with beasts, copied from the sanguinary entertainments of Imperial Rome. In the course of another century, we can almost imagine, a corrupt and effeminate race, ever greedy for a new "sensation," might come rather to like the spectacle of wholesale human sacrifices, like those of Carthage or Dahomey; for there is a certain stage of effete and luxurious civilization at which the most ferocious appetites and horrible tastes of the savage are apt to reappear. We will ask the *Saturday Review*, Would it then be a sufficient answer, if one were to object to these exhibitions, for a journalist of the period to say, "There are people who do not like sports and spectacles of slaughter, but there are other people who do like them?" Is this a conclusive reply, even at the present day, to those who find fault with the popular fondness for such performances as the perilous high-rope-walking at Cremorne and Aston Park? Let us waive the question of legislative interference. The censorship of public opinion at least may here be applied. It is surely the duty of a journalist to blame those exhibitions which are offensive to morality and good taste, or in any way pernicious to the community. We cannot, then, in the first place, allow that our condemnation of the Prize Ring is "uncalled for," simply because "there are people who like it." But since our contemporary is one of those people, we are content, for once, to examine what it is that he likes. We will take his own description, not of the late prize-fight, which he tried to see last week, and which he failed, after all, to see or to describe—but of the preliminary scenes, which he has described vividly enough. Still, we are far from admitting his claim to an unlimited toleration of whatever amusement he and those who are like-minded can find to their taste.

So, then, we find that there is a journalist of immense pretensions to superior culture and refinement, who affects, for his part, to "like prize-fighting" very much indeed. That is, we presume, he likes to amuse himself by seeing a couple of other men fighting, whilst he safely and serenely looks on. He likes, without any personal risk of his own, to see another man's jaw broken by the blow of another man's fist. For many months past, as we have observed, he has been hankering for an opportunity of enjoying this spectacle. He has been ambitious of thus graduating in the fast life of that class of men about town, who are distinguished by the knowing and familiar tone of their allusions to the Turf and the Ring. It would not do for him always to borrow this precious lore at second-hand, from the pages of the sporting newspapers. He must, like Mr. Toots or Mr. Harry Foker, endear himself to the personal acquaintance of "The Game Chicken," and gain admittance to the inner parlour of the Boozing Orib. He must "get the office" to go and see the next affair of fists. This privilege might, we suppose, have been purchased with a small pecuniary bounty by any ordinary man whose indiscreet curiosity

led him into that disreputable region. But a literary gentleman, who contributes to the *Saturday Review*, was not to be let off so easily. That journal, probably, has many readers among the idle men of pleasure and fashion, to whom the P.R. looks for its support. It was, therefore, of some importance to those who, either as principal performers, as seconds or contractors, backers or umpires, are interested in prize-fighting as a profession and trade, that they should get it well advertised in the *Saturday Review*. They have accordingly taken advantage of one of its contributors who was eager to become intimate with the lower varieties of "fast life," and he has been induced to apply his talents and opportunities to their service.

The first symptom of this influence was perceptible some time ago in that transparently fallacious argument for pugilism to which we have already referred. It was then publicly announced that Tom King and Jem Mace, the rival claimants of the champion's belt, were in future "to be heard of" at the office of the *Saturday Review*. We have, accordingly, since heard a good deal of them in that highly cultivated quarter. Their height to an inch, their weight to a stone, their length of arm and style of fighting, were minutely compared on that occasion when they met in the Essex Marshes to beat each other, like brave men as no doubt they are, for the amusement of those aristocratic amateurs of pugilism who can afford, for about the cost of a box at the Opera, to secure a place in the Ring. Still, there was a second-hand air about all this information, which was satisfactory neither to the editorial councils nor to the vanity of a sporting contributor. The *Saturday Review* had, indeed, shown a friendly countenance to the P.R.; and the betting business, in contemplation of the fight between Jem Mace and Joe Goss, was all the more lively and profitable, since those high literary auspices had been vouchsafed. The P.R. was much indebted to the S.R., but it wanted the S.R. to identify itself more completely with the P.R., whose grimy social reputation might thus be furbished up, through an avowed intimacy with the *soi-disant* arbiter of academic and fashionable society.

In short, the interests of the P.R. called for the attendance of a special reporter or representative of the S.R., at the coming fight between Jem and Joe. The gentleman who already, though at an admiring distance, had begun the praises of pugilism in that journal, was nothing loth, as we have observed, to undergo a personal initiation into the charmed circle. It is a circle, probably, from which the accident of a respectable education had previously kept him aloof. For the description he wrote last week is evidently the work of a novice. Whether he was really alarmed, or even scandalized, by the behaviour and conversation of those boon companions who sat up with him "boozing and smoking" all night at a low public-house, we may not, in the absence of a distinct confession, attempt to decide. He was, however, "properly accredited" to their society, either by his "appearance," or else by the "introduction" which he brought. And he tells us that the "blackguards" treated him with a certain respect and consideration, which they usually show towards "those whom they take for gentlemen." We thence infer that he gained admission, in spite of his "appearance," by virtue of an "introduction" from their literary ally. He had "got the office" from the *Saturday Review*. The choice spirits assembled in that pot-house parlour would require no other credentials of his worthiness to sit down amongst them. Long and late their nocturnal orgies endured, with songs and speeches unreportable "by the help of such glimmering of intellect as had escaped extinguishment in beer and gin." At last, the unaccustomed visitor was fain to lie down and "try to sleep," upon a bench at one end of the room, while "the more select" (and better seasoned) "portion of the guests continued their night's revels at the other." The pencil of a Hogarth or a Cruikshank should have pictured this interesting scene. We should have had the portrait of a literary gentleman, overcome with the drowsiness of alcoholic fumes, prostrate on a bench in this queer company; inviting, by his helpless condition, the "familiar, not to say affectionate" solicitude of "some ragged and sodden hanger-on of the house," who kindly promises to escort him to the fight next morning, and to protect him against the Roughs of the Ring. There is something very touching in this narrative of "the pursuit of prize-fighting under existing difficulties," which excites our sympathy for an adventurous contributor, whose services to our contemporary cannot be too highly paid. The *London Review* is not so zealously served. We may frankly confess that there is no writer upon our own staff who would so far devote himself to the interests of this journal as to pass a whole night of nameless horrors in that vile company, on the eve of a prize-fight, to "get the office" for an illegal bruising match to take place in

Wiltshire next day. It would have been a subject of sincere condolence if anything worse had befallen this gentleman, or, to quote his own modest self-description, one of "those whom they take for gentlemen," than the loss of a sovereign, which, having been tendered for change to the waiter at the public-house, was by him unconsciously mislaid. We follow, with equal interest, the writer's account of his journey down to Wootton Bassett in the special train. We commend his affability in talking so freely with the intruders, dirty-faced and dirty-handed as they were, and sadly "dilapidated" in their clothing, who scrambled into his first-class carriage at the Paddington Station. To one of these strange travelling companions, indeed, he seems to have been indebted for an act of substantial good-fellowship, which deserved his favourable testimony on behalf of their class, who "are not all thieves as well as blackguards." On his return journey from Wootton Bassett, feeling somewhat hungry, since he had started, as he says, "rather seedy from having been up all night," he thankfully accepted an offer to divide three mutton-chops, which one of them hospitably produced, along with tobacco, matches, and a few coppers, from the lowest depth of his trousers' pocket. With such an example of fraternal courtesy before us, we are inclined to agree that "there are generous instincts even in the London rough who hangs about public-houses, and learns to talk of prize-fights." The *Saturday Reviewer* shall have the benefit of this admission. Even in the P.R., which may indifferently stand for the initials of Polite Ruffianism or of the Prize Ring, let us not deny that a certain kind of merit is to be found. Audacity, in pugilism or in journalism, is merit of a certain kind. A certain kind of notoriety is thus deserved and gained. Let this be the recompense of literary powers, when used to commend the follies and the vices of what is called Fast Life. Whether such a reputation be desirable, is a matter of taste. "There are people who do not like it, and there are people who do."

THE AUSTRIAN PLOT AT FRANKFORT.

GERMANY has narrowly escaped a great danger; but only, perhaps, to encounter other dangers which may be no less serious. It is rather the fashion in England just now to look upon Austria as the El Dorado of German Liberalism, and to contrast her favourably with her rival, Prussia. The fact is, that their progress in constitutional liberty is about equal; that is, equally insignificant. But we are astonished and pleased with any good effort that Austria may make in a path so new to her; while we are disgusted with Prussia, which loudly proclaimed to the world, "I go," and "went not." In the concessions made by the Austrian Government to popular opinion, the Cabinet of Vienna has only yielded to the direst necessity. The Hapsburg Court is surrounded by some eighty families of Lichtensteins, Schwarzenbergs, Stadiols, Clam-Gallas, Clam-Martinitz, and others, who form the most exclusive oligarchy—they do not deserve the name of aristocracy—in the world. These claim as their birthright every post of honour and emolument. They only wait for a favourable conjuncture to restore the good old times, when Austrian government was synonymous with constraint and tyranny. This party should be watched and feared, even when, as now, they pretend to be "offering gifts" to the German people.

If we look closely at the late action of Austria at Frankfort, we must perceive that her government was prompted to it by other than liberal motives. The difficulties with which Count Rechberg and his colleagues have to contend are great and manifold. With only about eight to ten million German subjects, who do not stand towards Italians and Hungarians in *exactly* the same relation of superiority as the ancient Spartans to their Periæci and Helots, they have to compass the following objects:—

1. To take the lead in Germany, and to combat the influence of Prussia.
2. To overawe, and, if necessary, to subdue by force, the non-German States of their heterogeneous empire.
3. To prevent the *National-Verein* from bringing about a real union of the German peoples.
4. To check the progress of liberal opinion, in Austria herself and in other German countries, and to put down revolutionary movements by means of the Federal troops.

Now, all these objects were aimed at, directly or indirectly, by Count Rechberg's measure for the "reorganization of the German Diet."

The first object of Austria—that of securing to herself the "hegemony" of Germany—would have been gained by the constitution of the Directory of Five, in which Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria—the sworn satellite of Austria—were each to have a full

vote; whilst the remaining two votes were to be exercised conjointly by the sovereigns who maintain the 8th, 9th, and 10th corps of the Federal army; of which the monarchs of Hanover, Saxony, and Wirtemberg, all close allies of Austria, and bitter enemies of Prussia, are the chief. Under this arrangement, it is hardly possible to imagine a case in which the Austrian influence would not prevail. Austria was also to preside both in the Directory and the "Federal Council," a privilege of no small importance.

The second object of the Austrian Government—to gain the power of employing the Federal army for the defence of the non-German States—is secured by a clause in the 8th Article of the project:—"When war is apprehended between a member of the Confederacy who has possessions out of the Federal territory, the Directory is to call in the Federal Council of 17," (in which Austria has the same predominance as in the Directory) "to decide whether the Confederation is to take part in the war or not." The decision in this case exceptionally was to be made by simple majority.

In the third place, the *aura popularis* was to be taken out of the sails of the *National Verein*, the progress of which had become alarming. And how could Count Rechberg more effectually and gracefully do this than by seeming to meet the wishes of the people, and by offering them the "stone" of an alliance between the *Princes*, instead of the "bread" of an amalgamation of the *Peoples* of Germany?

Lastly, the means of quickly putting down all revolutionary movements in any part of Germany are provided by Article 9, which enacts,—"That, when disturbances are apprehended, the Directory is to take measures for their prevention; that, when such disturbances have actually broken out, the Directory is empowered to use the necessary means for restoring the authority of the laws."

These are some of the main features of the Austrian programme, the fruit of what the Emperor Francis Joseph calls "self-sacrificing patriotic devotion." His Apostolic Majesty was certainly aware that the acceptance of this great boon by the German sovereigns and nations would have relieved him at once of half his dynastic and financial difficulties, and made him *de facto* Emperor of Germany? It will perhaps be said that the Diet in its present state has powers, equally under the control of the Austrian party, and equally inimical to liberty. But even if this be the case, the change proposed would be one greatly for the worse. The old Diet has proved itself almost powerless either for good or evil, while the action of the reformed Confederacy, for evil as well as for good, would be prompt and energetic in the highest degree.

The time fixed on by Count Rechberg for the execution of his *coup de main* was singularly well chosen. The Prussian Government, naturally the chief opponent of any scheme for the aggrandizement of Austria, had placed itself in opposition to nine-tenths of the people of Prussia, and alienated the few friends she had in the rest of Germany. The Kings of Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, and Wirtemberg are always ready to show their hatred of Prussia; and the petty sovereigns, alarmed by the growth of liberal opinion, and irritated by the general contempt of their anointed heads, were ready to submit to any arrangement by which their little thrones might be secured. And lastly, the whole Fatherland had been dreaming and talking so incessantly of the union of its *disjecta membra*, that it was concluded rather hastily that the people would gladly accept a United Germany, in any shape, or at any cost.

Nor were the scenery and decorations unworthy of the well-conceived political plot. The dramatic *mise en scène* was perfect in its way. The chosen stage was Frankfort, the old historic ground of German Imperialism, whose traditional costumes and forms were in some instances carefully observed. And, then, what could be grander than the *dramatis personæ* themselves? No mere tragedy-kings, no tinsel crowns, but a gorgeously-costumed chorus of six-and-twenty real live sovereigns, with a splendid but affable young Kaiser as Coryphæus, all uniting in the sublime song "of self-sacrificing patriotism," and all bent on realizing, at any cost to themselves, the wishes of their beloved subjects, and giving liberty and unity to the grateful Fatherland!

"Welch Schauspiel! aber ach! ein Schauspiel nur."

All the circumstances which attended the introduction of Count Rechberg's scheme were such as should have excited the suspicion of every liberal German. Had he trusted to the intrinsic excellence of a plan affecting the destiny of some forty or fifty millions of men, he would assuredly have courted inquiry, and given time for deliberation. But it is evident that everything was calculated for a *coup de main*, and that the Austrian party based their hopes

of success on dazzling, surprising, cajoling, and even bullying and threatening, the assembled princes into a hasty acceptance of a measure, the true scope of which they had no time to examine. The twenty-six sovereigns arrived at Frankfort on Saturday, the 16th of August. Sunday morning (the 17th) was spent in mutual visits of ceremony. On Sunday evening, about five o'clock, the Austrian *Pro Memoria* was sent round to the different potentates, the great majority of whom then and there first became acquainted with the Austrian scheme. On Monday (the 18th), at four o'clock, the meeting took place, and the Emperor of Austria actually urged his royal colleagues to accept the whole bill *en bloc*, and to bring the main business to a conclusion before five o'clock—the hour fixed for the great banquet of twenty-seven courses, prepared by eight Parisian cooks, which was given by the good city of Frankfort to its august visitors. Was such a dinner to be allowed to get cold? Were wines at seventeen florins a bottle to be left to get hot? The Augusti and Augustuli of Germany must have had more than English parliamentary virtue to withstand such allurements. So they must decide the fate of Germany, for ages to come, in the space of a single hour!

Imagine the position of these unfortunate sovereigns, who, in the midst of all the bustle and excitement of crowded and jubilant Frankfort, were called upon, between five o'clock on Sunday evening, when they ought to have been dressing for the opera, and four o'clock on Monday afternoon, to decide upon the merits of a scheme, containing thirty-six articles, for the regeneration of Germany. If we take away the necessary hours for sleep, for the pleasures of the table, and for paying and receiving visits, how many would remain? Scarcely enough, we should think, for the most practised barrister to master such a brief.

Count Rechberg can hardly have expected—he did not even wish, perhaps—that the King of Prussia should attend the Frankfort Conference. But he might justly hope, in the first place, to throw on Prussia the odium of thwarting the national wishes, and, in the second place, to force her, by the fear of isolation, to give her adhesion, at a later period, to the *fait accompli*. He reckoned with perfect confidence on the complicity of the so-called "Würzburger," viz., Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wirtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Nassau; and the great majority of the rest, he hoped, would, some advisedly, some thoughtlessly, some even gregariously, follow their superiors into the great Austrian net.

But, happily for Germany, there were a few "old birds" in the assembly who were "not to be caught with chaff." The first shock to the Austrian Emperor's nerves is said to have been given by one of the mayors of the free cities. He warned the assembly that he had no power to speak in the name of his city. Some of the princes also reminded their colleagues that, as constitutional sovereigns, they could do nothing without the consent of their Parliaments. But the most formidable opponent of the Austrian scheme was the Duke of Baden, the only monarch in the conclave, perhaps, who really represents the intelligence and the patriotism of the German nation. He pointed out the necessity of laying down some rules for the guidance of their deliberations; he proposed important amendments, and declared his conviction that the work of German unity could only be effectually performed by a Parliament freely elected by the entire German nation.

The Emperor of Austria, who was not prepared for objections, and still less for free discussion, had but one mode of replying to every speaker. He besought them, again and again, not to lose the precious moments in a useless and bewildering consideration of particular articles, but, like affectionate brethren and faithful allies, to trust in him, and unanimously to carry "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill."

The result is well known. The Emperor of Austria, instead of returning within the week to Vienna, with Germany in his pocket, was obliged to prolong his stay nearly to the end of the month, and to see many of the articles dearest to the Austrian heart either modified or rejected. Yet a certain success he has no doubt achieved. At the final meeting, when the question was put of adhesion or non-adhesion to the modified Austrian scheme, six only—Baden, Mecklenburg, Schwerin, Luxemburg, Weimar, and Reuss—replied in the negative; while all the rest (and among them the liberal-minded but weak and foolish Duke of Coburg) said "Aye" to it.

With this result before us, what are we to look for next? We should be sorry to share the gloomy forebodings of many, whose opinions, nevertheless, are well worthy of consideration. Austria is playing a game for life and death, and cannot possibly recede. She is the acknowledged head of two-thirds of the German sovereigns, and is strongly supported by the anti-Prussian feeling

which prevails so widely among the German people. She loudly declares her intention of carrying out the resolutions agreed on at Frankfort, in spite of the opposition of Prussia.

Prussia, again, is in the hands of Count Bismark, a reckless adventurer, who will stick at nothing to maintain himself in power, and who has already thrown down the gauntlet to Austria, in his memorial to the King of Prussia recommending the dissolution of the Chambers. In this memorial he says, that "efforts have been made in the department of the Federal Constitution to deprive the Prussian State of that position in Germany and Europe which constitutes the well-earned inheritance of the glorious history of our fathers, and which the Prussian people will never allow to be disputed." He evidently hopes, then, to make political capital out of the deplorable antipathy which exists between Austrians and Prussians, and to get a Parliament whose object shall not be liberty at home, but triumph over a hated rival. "Your Majesty's subjects," the Prussian minister goes on to say, "will in the new elections bear witness to the fact that no difference of political opinions could make them forget, at a time when the independence and dignity of Prussia is attacked, their unity as a nation, and their inalienable fidelity to their hereditary dynasty."

When such language as this is already used, what can we hope for from the moderation of either party? The only bright side of this complicated question is the certainty—which is confirmed by the language of Count Bismark—that if Austria goes forward in her present aim, the King of Prussia must throw himself on the support of the Liberal party. But what then? Why, even then, the danger will not be over; and unless the German peoples are better than their rulers—unless they have virtue and patriotism enough to stifle the petty jealousies which those rulers, for the most selfish purposes, have fostered—they will once more be separated into two hostile camps, and we may live to see "Federals" and "Confederates" in the very heart of Europe.

PREMATURE OLD AGE.

THERE is no reason why people who enjoy the comforts of life should grow old as soon as they do; but perhaps their premature infirmities are to be traced in some measure to that ease which should be the source of prolonged activity and health. Time, indeed, is not to be stopped in his course. He will heap his years upon our heads do what we will, and claim us at last in spite of our wisest precautions. But it is not he who puts gout into a man's legs at forty; it is not his fault that people become wheezy and tottering at an age when their wiser neighbour is sound of wind and limb, and can get through more work in a day than they can manage in a week. We laugh at the drunkard who passed the public-house without going in, and then went back to reward resolution by getting drunk; but most of us reward ourselves much upon the same principle; and as soon as we have made our position in life, begin to pamper our appetites, to console our bodies for the trouble we have put them to, and hasten the advent of old age. Nothing, perhaps, helps the work of time more effectually than that love of ease and indulgence which is so common amongst us, and under which the nerves become sensitive, the muscles flaccid, the digestion feeble, and the spirits dejected. The whole system is thus prepared for the inroads of time. The winter's attack of cold does its work more tellingly on this relaxed frame than on the body in its full muscular strength, buoyed up by elastic spirits, and throwing off the effects of illness with comparative ease. But then, how is this activity of frame to be kept up? Boxing is low; wrestling is a local exercise, confined to the north and the south-west; there is only here and there a public gymnasium, in which a middle-aged gentleman can hardly make his appearance, whatever his boys may do; and private professors of gymnastics charge more for the use of their poles and bars than one likes to pay. All this is very true. Perhaps, if it were otherwise, Paterfamilias, instead of lounging over the fire of an evening in his easy chair, dressing-gown, and slippers, laying in stock for gout or rheumatism, would take an hour or two at the parallel bars, or at the foils, or even put on the gloves in a friendly way with his next-door neighbour. He would sleep all the better for it; go through his work next day with a clearer head and higher spirits—nay, eat his dinner, that crowning bliss of his life—with a brisk and lively appetite, instead of the faded craving which generally accompanies the process, and the heavy incapacity which follows it.

But even without such aids there is no reason why men should allow their physical strength to degenerate at the early period of life at which it begins to disappear. Let us look at Paterfamilias

again at his fireside, and ask him how he would like to step into the garden when the snow is three feet deep, dig a hole in it, pile up the sides, and pass the night in it wrapped up in a shepherd's plaid and a great-coat. The glass would fall from his hand at such a proposition, if you made it seriously. He would look round on his wife and children, as if he felt that you were about to tear him from them for ever. He would tell you that it would kill him; that when the shutters were opened next morning, the maid would behold him stark and cold, the victim of your brutal proposition. But why so? Men, not younger, not naturally stronger, not originally more gifted by nature with courage and endurance, have put up with such a night's lodging, and been none the worse for it. Why should it kill him? Probably it would; and we should be far from advising him to make the experiment. Ease and indulgence have corrupted his frame, enfeebled it, rendered it unfit to resist hardship. He would be as little likely to survive the night as his canary, if it were let loose. But let him take up the current number of the *Alpine Journal*, and read for himself what men can do, what perils they can face without flinching, and what hardships they can endure, who have not forfeited the strength nature gave them by luxurious habits. What matters it that the six Englishmen who, in July, 1862, attempted to make their way over the Jungfrau Pass, had no object in view except to do it and have done with it? It is not the utility of the exploit which concerns us, but the nerve required, and forthcoming, for its performance—nerve which, more or less, every man born of healthy parents brings with him into the world, but which too many sacrifice over their dinner and its consequences.

We shall not follow the climbers through all their difficulties; our readers may do that for themselves, and we promise them a pleasant guide in the Rev. Leslie Stephen, who narrates the adventure. We will content ourselves with giving one or two specimens of the comforts of Alpine climbing. The party have arrived on the rounded knob of the Viescherhorn:—

"Just at this moment a cloud, which had been gathering along the ridge, turned vicious. A bright flash of lightning seemed to singe our beards, whilst a simultaneous roar of thunder crackled along the valley. A violent hailstorm rattled down, blinding and bewildering us. It was impossible to catch a glimpse of our route. We scooped some big holes in the snow with our axes, and cowered down in them to get some shelter. My hands were in that miserable condition when the more vehemently I rubbed them, the wetter, and colder, and more numbed they seemed to grow. The hail got in at the back of my neck; the cold wind touched up my nose; the snow got into my boots and up my trousers, and filled my pockets. 'I say, Michel, how much more of this fun are we going to have?' 'Well, Herr, if it doesn't leave off, we shall have to sleep here,' said Michel. I was meditating a crushing retort, which the half-frozen state of my intellects prevented from coming freely, when the storm lulled for a bit, and we jumped up to look round us."

At half-past seven p.m. they succeeded in reaching some huts where they could find accommodation for the night, wretched indeed, but infinitely preferable to that which Michel had promised Mr. Stephen. They were loath, however, to put up with the milk and bread of the chalet for their final night's meal; and though the *Æggischhorn* inn, with its champagne, was distant, the path uncertain, and the night dark, they set out for it at nine o'clock, guided by a boy leading the way with a pine torch. All went well for a time, and pleasant visions of the inn and the champagne glimmered through the torch-light. But presently the torch went out. In attempting to light it by the lantern which brought up the rear, that also was put out. The matches were wet through, and it was some time before one of the party, diving to the bottom of his knapsack, brought up one which would light. But now came a new difficulty. They had lost their way, and found themselves on a damp ledge of grass at the foot of a big rock, staring vacantly into blank darkness. Here they must stop. So they took their knapsacks and put on their remaining articles of dress—"e.g., two pairs of socks, an extra pair of trousers, a flannel shirt, a waistcoat, and a dozen paper collars,"—and crouched down under the rock, hoping that the wind would keep in the right quarter and that the sun would get up as early as possible. With this cheerful prospect before them their boy, who had disappeared, suddenly returned with information that he had found "a man," a stone man or cairn, marking the route to the *Æggischhorn*. It was midnight when he made this announcement, and in a few seconds the party was once more under weigh, not halting to take off their extra apparel. At 2.40 a.m. the inn was reached, and by three o'clock the travellers with their champagne were asleep.

These difficulties, however, were by no means the least they had to encounter for a cause in which they were as little personally interested as the player was in "Hecuba." We don't put their

voluntary perils before our readers with the belief that it would be well for them to go and do likewise. We should be extremely sorry ourselves to be one of such a party, and feel perfectly content to tread the *terra firma* of the London pavement or the country, and feel our legs strong under us without putting them to the test of the Alps. But when we see what men in sound health can do—men who have not yielded to luxury—have not relaxed the firm tension of their muscles by over-indulgence—may we not ask why others not much, if at all, their elders in years, are so far advanced upon the road to infirmity? Eat less, drink less, loll less, take more athletic exercise, and you will stave off the approach, not of time indeed, but of its ailments.

CHEATING THE DEAD.

OUR daily papers are becoming very ghastly reading, and are going far beyond the most sensational of sensation novels and dramas in the strangeness of the incidents they disclose and the stories they suggest. A horrible atmosphere of secret death surrounds us, and cases of infanticide that can never be traced to their perpetrators are getting as common as fatal accidents from erinoline. Every day we read of the discovery of some unfortunate infant's body. In parcels dropped about the streets,—in wretched servant-girls' boxes,—in hampers sent by carrier or by railway,—in out-houses and gardens,—chance is constantly bringing to light the shrivelled remains of children that have certainly not always met with a natural death. A man is sitting in an idle mood on the grass of a marshy island between the River Lea and Bow Creek. He sees a cloud of blue bottles buzzing round a hillock of weeds; brushes them aside, parts the rank vegetation, and draws a parcel forth from a hole that has been scooped out of the earth to the depth of about a foot. If the man has any doubt as to the contents of that parcel, some dogs that are rattling in the oozy waste have none; for they come crowding hungrily about the spot. An examination reveals the body of a female infant, with evident marks of foul play; but the coroner's jury can do nothing more than return an open verdict. The thing is perpetually happening, and the "open verdict" in cases of infanticide is becoming an institution.

It has been reserved for Whitechapel, however, to surpass all other stories of the like kind with which the public have recently been shocked. Few would have expected to find a secret and unhallowed Golgotha in a church. Burial within the walls of sacred edifices was until recently a too common practice; but at any rate it was openly and legally carried on. No one would have regarded a church as a probable place of deposit for bodies smuggled there in some improper way, and some of which are not without a suspicion of murder. Least of all could any congregation have imagined that high above their heads as they sat at worship—beneath the timbers of the roof, and in close proximity to the bells that tell of births and marriages and honest natural deaths—was a mass of decaying humanity. We are all accustomed to the skeleton in the house, and have got somewhat callous to his inevitable presence. But the skeletons in the church-roof—no metaphors, but veritable corpses of infants, "still-born" or not, as the case may be, and parching silently in the sun and wind from year to year—are certainly a grim novelty, such as could hardly have been conceived even by the morbid fancy of Edgar Poe.

The investigation into this strange case has not yet proceeded far enough to throw much light on the question as to how the bodies came there; but it has brought out some singular and note-worthy facts. The discovery was first made on Saturday, the 22nd of August, by some workmen who were fixing ventilators in the roof, the need of which, one would think, must have been very apparent to those who frequented the church. Only one coffin was found on that occasion. The sexton and churchwardens were communicated with, and, on further search being made, skulls, bones, and small coffins, were found to a considerable number—some of them in the belfry. Remains of fourteen bodies in all have been drawn forth from these extraordinary hiding-places. Some of the corpses had evidently not been there for more than two years; others were shrivelled to parchment, and had apparently been dead for thirty or forty years. Seven of the skulls are said to be encrusted with blood. It appears to have been a work of some trouble and no small danger to place the bodies where they were found. Two or more persons were manifestly concerned in the task, for the only access to the place is by a narrow ledge of timber, "and the coffins," says the report in the daily papers, "must have been handed up to the person above by an accomplice. The place to catch hold of is very narrow, and if the person

clinging on had made the slightest slip, he would infallibly have been killed by falling into the iron machinery of the church bells." Who were the persons who ran this risk? Evidently people who had some legitimate business about the church, though as yet it is impossible to say precisely who. At the first sitting of the inquest, a woman came forward, who turns out to be the mother of two of the infants whose dead bodies were found in the belfry. She was enabled to identify some of the wrappings, and her evidence was not without value. Four children have been born to this woman, of whom only one was legitimate. Two were still-born; the other two only lived for a very brief period. The two former, and one of those born alive, which survived five days, were "fetched away" by an undertaker's man, for the purpose, as it was supposed, of being buried; but the mother seems to have heard, at some subsequent time, that they had *not* been buried, or at least that one had not. We do not gather from the report of her evidence *when* she heard this: if it was before the discovery in the roof, the fact is important, and demands further inquiry. The undertaker alluded to by the woman has gone away, and so has the assistant who removed the bodies; but another undertaker who has done business in the same way gave evidence before the coroner, and stated that he had been in the habit of handing over the remains of children born dead to a man named Smith, formerly bell-toller and gravedigger at Whitechapel Church. Here, again, inquiry is checkmated; for Smith has departed this life for about two years, and dead men, it is proverbial, tell no tales, and cannot be put in the witness-box. Holley, the undertaker, says he does not know whether the bodies were buried by Smith, but that he now "has his suspicions" they were not. Doubtless, he troubled himself very little about the matter, as he appears, on his own showing, to have been exceedingly easy with respect to the certificates. These "are sometimes signed by midwives," and, added the witness, "we take any woman signing a certificate as a midwife." Mr. Holley, however, has his opinions on such subjects, for he thinks "the Legislature very wrong with regard to the facilities for burying still-born children." The public will probably agree with him when they learn that the law does not require a certificate with the bodies of children born dead. It is, indeed, usual to give one, but the thing is as often a sham as not. Walter Varcoe, an assistant to Mr. Holley, favoured the Court with some curious particulars in answer to the coroner. He said that it was customary to have a certificate from a medical man or midwife for the burial of a still-born child, but that they "should take it as a certificate from a midwife, *whether it was true that the party signed it or not.*" In the course of thirty years' experience he had never known such a thing as bodies being left for burial, and not being buried at all; but the case, he said, might have happened without coming under his knowledge personally.

"Coroner: When a child is brought with a certificate as a 'still-born,' do you or the undertakers exercise any supervision to see if it is a 'still-born' or not?"

"Witness: Sometimes people come and say they have a 'still-born' to bury, and they get a shell and bring the body back to be buried, and it is taken as a 'still-born' without any further inquiry."

"By the Coroner: Supposing it is found not to be a 'still-born,' then we should refuse to bury it without the regular fees. It would be 9s. 6d. at the Victoria, and half-a-crown if a 'still-born.' I have no doubt that many children are buried as 'still-born' which were not 'still-born.'"

Likely enough. There are the additional fees to be saved, and, in the case of illegitimate children, there is sometimes the cause of death to be concealed. What so easy? The child is got rid of; the mother goes to an undertaker's, says she has a still-born child to bury, carries away the coffin herself, puts the body in without any obtrusive third party, returns with it to the undertaker's, "and it is taken for a 'still-born' without any further inquiry." As for a certificate, anything in that shape will do, no matter by whom signed, and the law does not insist that there shall be one at all. Of course we do not mean to say that this has happened in any of the cases now under consideration; the circumstances are wrapped in too much mystery to justify an opinion: it is enough, however, that such things are possible. Considering that a greater or less amount of fees is concerned in the fact whether a child brought to be buried was born dead or alive, we must say we are astonished that the matter should be so frequently taken on trust. But something much more important than money interests is involved in the question, and we have a right to demand of the Legislature, in these days of infanticide, more stringent guarantees against the abuse of still-born burial.

From the evidence of the same witness, Varcoe, we learn that the "stills," as they are technically called, are allowed to collect at the undertaker's until they sometimes reach as many as a dozen. The deceased gravedigger, Smith, used to remove them from Mr.

Holley's in a black bag or sack. Whenever he was remiss in his calls, and there was a great accumulation, the friendly Varcoe would go to the church to see if Smith was hanging about the ground, and, when successful in his search, would "tell him that there were some 'still-borns' waiting for him to fetch away." Varcoe is of opinion that Smith "could not have smuggled the bodies into the belfrey without being seen;" but, as it is quite clear that *somebody* smuggled them in, that opinion is not worth much. The sexton denies all knowledge of the affair; and, though his excited exclamation on being sworn—"I am innocent of this charge, so help my God!" when no charge had been made against him—was not a good point in his favour, it may be that he was really ignorant of the strange uses to which the church roof and the belfry had been put. He admits, however, that he formerly received still-born children for burial in the churchyard, and that he took no care of the certificates. "There was no necessity for it," he told the jury; "but I kept the money." In fact, there seems to have been no necessity at all with respect to the "still-borns," except to stow them away out of sight as soon as convenient, when the fees had been paid. Since the closing of the Whitechapel churchyard, the Victoria Cemetery has doubtless been cheated of a good many half-crowns which were its due.

The inquest, which will be resumed to-day, may not improbably terminate in the "open verdict" to which we have been so much accustomed. But, at any rate, it will have opened our eyes to the fact that law and custom have provided an easy way of getting rid of dead infants without inconvenient questions being asked; that anything will pass for a still-born child when the birth has been recent; that anything will do for a certificate in such cases; that nobody keeps the certificates (which, indeed, are hardly worth the keeping); that the law does not care whether there be a certificate or not; and that the bodies so received by some one may be hidden away for years in some inscrutable hole—or hole supposed to be inscrutable—without anybody being the wiser.

A FRENCH IDEA IN MEXICO TEN YEARS AGO.

THE pause in the march of events in Mexico will enable us to glance backwards and note the curious features that crop out as we trace the development of the idea of French intervention in that unhappy country. It is a great mistake to imagine, as many do, that French interference in Mexico is an *idée Napoléonienne* and of modern origin. It dates from the time of Law and the Mississippi scheme, by the success of which French influence was to be made paramount in the Gulf of Mexico and over the States whose shores it washes. This idea grew with the monarchy, and survived its fall; it slumbered under the Republic and the First Empire, was revived under the Restoration, and received a further development when the Prince de Joinville assisted in the attack on San Juan d'Ulloa and Santa Anna lost his leg. The harvest has been reserved for Napoleon III. to gather, for his Majesty has not that originality and initiative which people impute to him. The French policy has suffered very little change indeed, and the Emperor has fallen into the groove and routine, wherein he had been preceded by the greatest of French statesmen, from Richelieu downwards. As in the days of the Cardinal-minister, peace with England, humiliation of the house of Austria, intimate alliance with Sweden, supremacy of France in Italy, spoliation of Spain or appropriation of her inheritance, and the development of French influence in the Gulf of Mexico, are still the key-notes to the policy of France, which, unchangeable though it may have been, sought to attain the object desired by different ways. At first, buccaneering establishments were conceived at, then a regular plantation of the lower part of the valley of the Mississippi was encouraged, but which did not succeed beyond; next came the famous scheme for the joint-stock settlement of the valley. In more recent times we have had the Nicaraguan canal, and establishment of a French colony on its banks, suggested and patronised by Prince Louis Napoleon, and resuscitated and attempted to be carried out by M. Felix Belley, in conjunction with the O'Gorman Mahon, ex-Member of Parliament and late aide-de-camp to his Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands.

But the strangest mode resorted to, for the purpose of carrying out the French idea of destroying the national Government of Mexico and erecting upon its ruins a French Protectorate, was the one which Count Raousset de Boulbon was selected to realize, and of which he was destined to be the victim, betrayed to death, abandoned, and denied by his employers.

In 1850, men's minds in Europe were disordered by the French revolution, and the marvellous success which seemed to wait upon adventurers. Louis Napoleon, who had lived for years in seclu-

sion, crushed by the weight of ridicule which was the result of his failures at Strasburg and Boulogne, had already reached the foot of the Imperial throne, and was preparing to mount it. His example was contagious, and hair-brained men, forgetting the difference between them and him—the advantages of his birth and the prestige of his name, mistook the world for an oyster which they could open with their swords. Tradition and other reasons pointed to the New World, where new states were to be carved out into dictatorships or presidentships, or perhaps empires for new Iturbides and Bolivars. Besides this, thirteen years ago the gold fever was at its height. Men were impatient to grow rich, and the lottery of *le lingot d'or* indicated a state of things probably never before witnessed. At this time there happened to be in Paris a Count Raousset de Boulbon, who is described by his secretary during the expedition against Mexico as, *Mauvaise tête dans son enfance, viveur dans sa jeunesse, casse-cou politique dans sa virilité, tout cela par orgueil. . . un romancier, rien de plus, c'est à dire prenant l'imitation pour de l'observation, et les caprices de la folle du logis pour de la connaissance du cœur humain.* At the period of the revolution of February he was a democrat and the editor of an insignificant journal called *La Liberté*. He boasted of being the man *que n'avait pas énervé le règne de Louis Philippe*. In 1850 he made his appearance at San Francisco, where another French adventurer, Pindray, had acquired a great reputation by his courage and skill as a hunter and as *chef de bande*. Raousset set up as a hunter, but, being short-sighted and deaf, he did not succeed in earning much by the produce of the chase. Failing as a Nimrod, he became a hand labourer, next a fisherman, then employed to load and unload ships, after that a cattle-dealer, and at last *chef de bande*. His project was to form a company of French immigrants in California, and lead them into the Sonora, one of the most northern provinces of the Mexican Republic, and richest in agriculture and precious metals. Once there, the company was to be divided into three sections—one charged with working the mines, another with raising agricultural produce, and the third with fighting the Apaches. The establishment was to be effected under the authority of the Mexican Government, and in one of the mining districts of the Sonora. The warmest partizan of the project was M. Patrick Dillon, French consul at San Francisco, who advised that it should be placed under the patronage of Mexican capitalists to assure its success, or *pour cacher son jeu*. In 1852, Raousset set out for Mexico, where the French ambassador, M. Levasseur, encouraged and patronized him to the utmost, even to the taking of shares in the company, which was founded under the title of the *Restauradora*. Messrs. Jecker, De la Torre, & Co., were the "titulaires" of the company. The reader will bear in mind that it is to obtain payment of the claims of these *titulaires* that France has now invaded Mexico. So completely blinded were the Mexican authorities to the real object of the scheme that General Arista, the then President of the Republic, actually became a shareholder, and granted the right to work the mineral district of Arizona, on condition of the company maintaining at least 150 French Volunteers, armed and disciplined, ready to fight against the Apaches. On the 1st June Raousset landed at Guaymas, at the head of 250 men. Meanwhile the house of Forbes, of Ocegüerra, had formed, under the patronage or with the concurrence of Mr. Baron, the British consul, a company which preferred a prior claim to Arizona. A desperate struggle ensued between Jecker & Co., and Forbes and friends. Raousset was obliged to retreat from the point on which he had advanced, and captured, with 200 men, Hermosillo, defended by 1,200 Mexicans under General Blanco, a hatmaker of Guadalajara, and at present the ardent partizan of the French invasion. The adventurers were paid out of the country with 11,000 piastres, and Raousset recalled by Dillon to San Francisco, to become the blind instrument of a policy which is still an enigma. Dillon had been tutor in the family of one of the ministers of Louis Philippe, and he was in this way pensioned off on the public purse.

In the commencement of 1853 a series of revolutions occurred, beginning with the abdication of Arista, and ending in the elevation of Santa Anna to the dictatorship. The "Limping Devil," as he was called, promised Raousset to repair the injustice of former Governments towards him, and offered him the rank of general in the Mexican army; but Raousset was under the control of Consul Dillon. At this moment, Santa Anna instructed Don Luis del Valle, Mexican consul at San Francisco, to recruit Frenchmen for the Mexican army, and to send them in detachments of fifty to Manzanillo, San Blas, Mazatlan, and Guaymas. Dillon consented to his countrymen taking foreign service, and, by an accident not explained, the late companions of Raousset were at the head of the expedition. The American authorities interfered; Dillon was

arrested, but claimed and obtained his pardon as consul; and 400 men, of whom 350 were French, sailed in the *Challenge* for Sonora. Scarcely had the ship left San Francisco ere Don Luis del Valle discovered that he had been duped by Dillon; and that, instead of enrolling soldiers for the Mexican Government, he had been expending Mexican money to recruit, equip, and transport soldiers to fight against his Government, and these had actually sailed under the orders of Raousset's lieutenants, provided with his delegated authority and his written instructions. When the Mexican consul's eyes were opened, poor Don Luis wrote piteously to his Government, imploring them to be on their guard against the soldiers he had recruited for their defence. For Raousset to have sailed with the soldiers would have unveiled the conspiracy and treason of the French Consul. Accordingly, on the introduction of Dillon, Raousset borrowed 2,000 dollars from an Italian banker, M. Argenti, with which he bought a cutter of ten tons, *La Bella*. In the latter part of May he sailed secretly from San Francisco, and, after escaping many dangers, succeeded in rejoining his band at Guaymas. We have not space to follow the adventurers through their conflict with the authorities. It will suffice to state that they were defeated by the Mexicans under General Ganez, to whom they were compelled to surrender. Raousset was shot to death. From the time of his condemnation, until he fell pierced with balls, he maintained a haughty silence. And here French diplomacy played a most extraordinary part. From the moment the *chef de bande* failed, both Dillon and Levasseur abandoned and renounced him. M. Calvo, French Consul at Guaymas, undertook to negotiate the surrender or capitulation of the adventurers; instead of which he delivered them into the hands of the Mexican General, who happened to be an honourable and humane man, without any conditions at all.

In fact, the French consul, to whom Raousset had confided his sword, his honour, and his life, betrayed him to a shameful death, in spite of his solemn promise of life saved, and to the other prisoners *il fut ni utile ni agréable*. While the Mexican general, Yanez, did all he could to save the life of Raousset, Calvo would not move, though he held the man's life in the hollow of his hand, and though the United States consul, Major Roman, to his honour be it spoken, forgetting the infraction of his country's laws, insisted, with all the energy he possessed, that Calvo should ask for postponement of the execution of the sentence, promising to support and aid him to the utmost of his power. Dillon and Levasseur maintained a rigorous silence. "*Ce jeune homme est peut-être fini*," said Dillon. Raousset had failed; his death would keep their secret.

What was their secret?

It appeared, from a perusal of Raousset's papers after his death, that although he pretended that he wished to carry out a national and democratic work, he intended to establish a throne for a prince of Orleans in Mexico. We may be sure that was not the object of Dillon and Levasseur, servants of the Emperor; nor indeed could it have been the object of Raousset, "the man who had not been enervated by the reign of Louis Philippe." Are we not, therefore, justified in believing that the present invasion of Mexico explains all; and that if Jecker's claims are so energetically enforced, it is for reasons that do not appear on the surface? There is a French idea in Mexico, at the present time. France, under the Emperor Louis Napoleon,—we have his own word for it,—makes war always for an idea. Is it the same French idea that was in Mexico, under the same Louis Napoleon, as we have seen, ten years ago?

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON THE INDIAN ARMY.

THOSE who have seen the two mighty Blue-books of Evidence and the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sanitary Condition of the Army in India, and are desirous but afraid to encounter the herculean labour of reading it, will be glad to hear that Miss Nightingale has epitomized it in a little illustrated volume of ninety-two pages. It will be unnecessary to say that she has expressed the essence out of the mass of contradictory evidence forwarded to the Commissioners by the Indian authorities in their stationary reports, and this she has done at their especial request, the manuscript returns being placed in her hands for that purpose. Her remarks upon some of the evidence are characterized by a sarcastic, not to say contemptuous bitterness, which we are bound to say it justly deserves. Miss Nightingale is in a position to speak her mind on all matters pertaining to the sanitary condition of the army, a duty which nobody in the service seems inclined to do. Military men, with a very few rare exceptions, among whom may be mentioned the brothers Lawrence, appear perfectly incompetent to form any opinion upon sanitary matters. They either

can't or won't see what is going on under their very noses, and those who have been trained to consider such matters, namely, the medical officers of the army, dare not make things unpleasant by speaking out. Let us be thankful, therefore, that we have a Florence Nightingale speaking with knowledge and authority to show us the real condition of our troops in India. Now that the whole force of the Empire must take its turn in the East, we shall have no lack of interest in this great subject. As long as it was only the Company's officers and men that suffered, they suffered unheard, but now that the "curled darlings" of the land must take their turn, if we mistake not, matters will be put upon a different footing. At all events, every one will read Miss Nightingale's "Observations," and something will be sure to come of them.

Miss Nightingale sets out by affirming that the diseases of our Indian stations are the diseases which are the scourge of camps; in other words, the barracks and cantonments of India are so badly constructed, drained, and ventilated, that they present, in a permanent form, all the evils of a badly-placed army in the field. Cholera, fevers, diarrhoea, and dysentery, claim their victims in the magnificent barracks of India—for they are magnificent in appearance—just as they did among our troops in the first winter before Sebastopol; with these additional causes of mortality, causing liver disease, over-eating and drinking, and sedentary habits. Miss Nightingale, in her dissection of this report, begins with the water; and what astonishes her most is the perfect indifference with which the various Stations speak of the condition of their drinking-water, as though it were a matter in which they were not concerned. Thus, Fort William says, "the water for cooking, drinking, &c., is carried from a tank filled by surface drainage." Dinapore admits that "its wells have been poisoned by infiltration from barrack-privies." At Murree "the water causes colic." At Bangalore "the Ulsoor tank used for drinking is the outlet for the whole drainage of a most filthy bazaar of 125,000 natives together, and for that of the different barracks of the station." We could go on giving instance after instance, *ad nauseam*, had we space. Yet this is thought nothing of, and we are told "those who are particular about their water can get it from some good wells." This perfect indifference about such an all-important matter as drinking-water in a hot climate is one of the most astounding features of the report. In London, the mere suspicion of animal impurities existing in our shallow wells during an epidemic of cholera was sufficient to close every one of them; but in India it is known that the tanks are often used for bathing purposes, and their banks are often covered with human ordure. As for testing the purity of the main element of life for the supply of our cantonments, it is a thing unknown. Of course there is no such thing as drainage in India, even in the quarters of the Europeans. Everything goes into a cesspit; these cesspits, Miss Nightingale says, "are spoken of by the authorities as if they were dressing-rooms;" they are to be found everywhere, sometimes they are emptied, and sometimes they never are "required to be"—in other words, the watery particles are allowed to infiltrate the sub-soil, and to produce a noisome exhalation. Where removal of the more solid soil takes place, it is done by human labour. Some capital drawings are given of the manner in which the native nightmen work, and women also are so occupied. In explanation of a cut of one of these nightwomen, Miss Nightingale sarcastically says—"An illustration this of how a woman is made to supply the place of a drain tile." This is all very well, but Miss Nightingale must not forget that even in favoured England the condition of some of our rustic middens is not the most savoury; indeed, they are worse than those of India, for they are never cleaned out; and the most civilized Continental nations are not very much in advance of even Indian bazaars. Drain tiles would be looked upon as curiosities as much in some parts of polite France as they would be in India. But we have no right to reduce English troops to the same savage condition as the Hindoos. An English army should carry with it the last results of science; and there is no earthly reason, except the bar put to all improvement by the stagnant system which obtains at the Horse Guards, why our Indian army should not be as well off for these matters as are the better class of civilians in England. Miss Nightingale, who is specially fitted to criticise the details of hospital construction, fortified as she has been by her Crimean experience, condemns, almost without exception, all those of India. Many of them are generally well planned, but they are spoiled in the details; latrines are often so constructed as to fill the passages with foul odours, which are conducted to the sick. She adds—"Bangalore gives a reason for the covered way to the latrines which we never should have thought of: it is a covered place for exercise." The ground-plan drawings given

elucidate the text, and show to what an extent overcrowding is carried in the Indian barracks. The intemperance of the soldier in India is one of the most frequent sources of mortality. Miss Nightingale asks why Government tempts the men to dram-drinking by affording them the convenience of the canteen, but we think matters would not be mended by doing away with it, and leaving the soldier to the tender mercies of the purveyors of the poisonous native spirits—bang and such like. The real truth is, that as long as the cantonments are placed alongside of the native bazaars, it will be impossible to prevent the soldier from getting drink of the most destructive kind to any extent, and equally impossible to keep his cantonment healthy. Miss Nightingale's remedy for the bad sanitary condition of our army is to sweep and remove the filth of these bazaars. This is to sweep India, and keep it swept—a matter far beyond our power. We confess we put much more faith in Sir Ranald Martin's plan of locating the troops on hill stations, far removed from the malaria of the plains, and from the contaminating influences of the native bazaars. As Miss Nightingale remarks, "The sedentary habits of the soldier in Indian barracks, the want of employment, and the full meals—often three in a day—of animal food, are all fruitful sources of hepatic disease." No doubt; but can we get men to work under an Indian sun, and can we so easily change the food habits of our people? Miss Nightingale may think so, but what are the habits of the Mussulman population in this respect? They do not touch spirituous liquors, it is true, but they are as fond of animal food as the English. If, then, we cannot alter the soldier's habits, engendered in a northern temperature, why should we not replace him in that temperature on these hill stations? The soldier living in the English atmosphere of these low mountain ranges would not be found sleeping half the day away on his barrack bed, as Miss Nightingale has shown he does in the graphic woodcut she gives of a barrack interior. Neither would what she terms "scientific turkey stuffing," by which Englishmen's livers are treated like those of geese preparing for Strasburg pies, be resorted to. It is impossible to overlook the fact that an Englishman cannot retain his health in the temperature of the plains of India; and all the sanitary precautions in the world, all the sweeping away of filth of that vast continent, will never keep the Briton up to the level of his native vigour. The air of the hills alone can do that, and we are glad to find that the committee, in their Report, recommend the location of a third of the English force in India in this invigorating atmosphere, where the Englishman may still retain his appetite for animal food, and his native love of exercise. We entirely agree, however, with Miss Nightingale in her high appreciation of the advantage of employing the soldier. Idleness is the bane of his life—we believe it to be in a high degree enforced by the terrible heats of the plains of India, but on the hill stations and at home there is every reason to believe that the soldier would be a vastly more moral, healthy, and contented man, and therefore a better soldier, if he were employed at some trade, like the soldier of France. At present the contractor follows him wherever he goes, and does everything for him, rendering him at the same time helpless, when required or necessitated to act for himself, idle through no fault of his own, and expensive to his Government above that of any other European soldier. Miss Nightingale, in issuing this essence of the Blue-books with illustrations, has done excellent service. The pungency of her criticisms, and the merciless manner in which she exposes the shortcomings of the authorities, and the total ignorance they exhibit with respect to the most elementary maxims of sanitary science, cannot fail to make an impression upon the House of Commons, which must conduce to the benefit of our army in India.

PEASANT LIFE IN NORFOLK.

WHEN we look into the lanes and alleys of London, swarming with a dense and semi-suffocated population, our first thought is the immense improvement it would be if we could transport them into the country—if we could convert these pale artisans into ruddy farmers' labourers, and procure for their wan-faced children the refreshing atmosphere and robust exercise of pastoral life. We know what benefit we ourselves obtain if we can leave our comfortable homes even for a day, and inhale the breeze sweeping over sea or meadow; and no doubt there is logic in the notion that what these people want, as the primary condition of a healthier state of existence, is—air! Then we picture to ourselves the neat country cottage, with woodbine and rose-trees creeping up its walls, making it gay and fragrant; and the well-tended kitchen-garden, full of healthy vegetables, each in its season cropping up under the simple instructions of the *Cottage Gardener*. Here is health, here is

comfort; and hand-in-hand with them is a moral atmosphere pure and invigorating as the natural one. Yonder is the village school for the labourers' children; yonder, among the trees, the spire of the village church, at which sire and progeny are regular and devout attendants. None of the vices of town intrude on this peaceful retreat. Fair wages, few wants, fresh air, and the book of nature always spread out before him, surely the lot of the farmer's labourer must be enviable. Surely it would be a blessing beyond price if we could empty the alleys of London into the country. But this is only the ideal picture. It is the pastoral life of the poet; very different, indeed, from the reality. The country has its vices as well as the town, and the two are very like one another. And if we compare the home of the farmer's labourer with that of the London artisan, we shall too often find that the only advantage possessed by the former is a supply of air—and water—with which he would gladly dispense.

Mr. Samuel Clarke, sanitary inspector, has just thrown some light upon this question by publishing extracts from his reports upon the sanitary condition of several parishes in the county of Norfolk,—reports officially presented to the authorities, and whose truthfulness has not been questioned. From another source we learn that Norfolk was the first county to reap its share of the glorious harvest which Providence has sent us, and that many of the farmers have thrashed out from seven to eight quarters per acre; some even so much as nine quarters. Norfolk, again, is one of three counties which are astonishing the maltsters with such samples of barley as they have rarely seen. And, indeed, not only in this year of grace, but in all years, this county has much to be thankful for in the early climate with which Nature has favoured it. But how about the Norfolk labourers;—the men who have contributed the sweat of their brow to this magnificent harvest? Are they as favoured as their masters? Do the Norfolk landowners repay to them, or share with them, the advantages they receive from nature? No, they do not. They do just the reverse. In this favoured county, when a man falls below the grade of a farmer, and yet must continue in the pastoral line, it would be much better if he could skip the next stage of occupation, and become the farmer's ox or his ass or anything but his labourer. To be one of his cattle is to be "his money," or part of it. All men take care of their money. All men do not take care of their labourers. Unless Mr. Clarke scandalously misleads us, the Norfolk landowners care very little indeed for them. He has picked out several cases from his reports, to show the accommodation and sanitary state of their cottages—cases which he says, after fourteen years' experience of Norfolk, as a sanitary inspector, give a fair idea of the average condition of the dwellings of the poor, and are by no means so bad as others which he has suppressed, because they show a state of things too revolting for publication. What do they disclose? A picture of misery which we should not expect to see surpassed in the negro quarter of a slave plantation—a picture of wretchedness, filth, and indecency which, on any but official authority, we should not have credited. Case after case is narrated of large families sleeping in one room, many of the children of both sexes having arrived at maturity. Sometimes we find two families occupying the same room. But this portion of Mr. Clarke's letter will not bear dwelling upon. It presents a social condition so shocking that every man in Norfolk must feel himself in some degree disgraced by it.

Even without this most repulsive feature the case would be bad enough. But the cottages of Norfolk are not merely deficient in accommodation. They are not wind and water tight. We read with regard to one, "a ricketty" tenement inhabited by a bed-ridden old woman, that there are "large apertures in the walls near the bed;" that "the walls are propped up, and likely, in my opinion, at any moment to fall." Another is "a dilapidated old cottage, unfit for human habitation, neither wind nor water tight;" the windows stuffed with rags, the floor full of holes, the walls with large cracks in them, and pieces of wood stretched across the rooms to support the roof. This species of prop, and the rag-stuffed windows, seems to be common in Norfolk; and when a labourer and his family of eight, nine, or ten children go to bed at night, it must often be a question with him whether he and they will be suffocated by the want of ventilation or by the falling in of the roof. Everywhere the ventilation is so bad that the cracks in the walls might be regarded as rather a beneficial accident, were it not that they frequently admit the malaria rising from the foul open ditches with which the cottage is entrenched. Ceilings full of holes; clay floors; holes cut in the wall to give ventilation, where there are neither the casements of art, nor the cracks of decay; stairs in the last stage of decrepitude; a general absence of ventilation and presence of foul air—

these are the main characteristics of the Norfolk cottages. How they manage to hold together, how the people live in them, how the gentry of Norfolk, who have any power in the matter, can tolerate them amazes us. Yet in these wretched and dilapidated abodes have lived the men—they and their families—who have prepared the ground for the seed, and have just gathered in Norfolk's share of our harvest.

Of course some one is to blame for all this; and of course it is not the labourer. As he cannot build for himself, he must take what he can get; and if he cannot get more than one bedroom, into that one room he and his wife, his sons and his daughters, must go, let religion, morality, civilization say what they will. Neither can the fault be attributed to the impoverished circumstances of British agriculture; for our landowners, who are the ultimate expression of its fortunes, are rich and prosperous. The fault, then, must be laid either at their door or at that of the farmers. And it is a great fault; so great that we can with difficulty imagine one greater. That hundreds of people should be living in disregard of the commonest decencies of life; the sexes intermingled; huddled together in small chambers, pervious to wind and rain, ill-ventilated, comfortless, miserable, shows either that there is some terrible necessity which compels us to endure such a state of things, or that, repulsive as it is, our apathy is so dense that it fails to impress us. We do not say it is impossible for virtue in man, and delicacy in woman, to survive such a training. But they must be of a rarely robust growth to do so. And think, too, of the men who win a nation's bread from the earth, existing like pigs in the sty,—not half so well cared for as the farmer's horse or the landowner's hounds!

THE SLAVE-TRADE IN DAHOMEY.

THE King of Dahomey is gradually taking his place in the family of monarchs about whose doings civilization concerns itself, so far, at least, as the columns of the *Times* can introduce him to that august group. We debate his sacrifices, his revenue, his shape and make, and the expression of his physiognomy, and we have constructed carriages for himself and his sable Queen. We have made acquaintance with his "ocrah," and probed his leanings towards the British Government. We have yielded to a horrible fascination which lures us on to learn more and more of this detestable savage; and it would not surprise us if, late as it is, an excursion steamer were announced to run to Whydah and back for a single fare, and give the passengers a week to Abomey or Kana, and see King Baddahung with their own eyes—Baddahung and all that belongs to him. This is just as it should be. Nay, we should be glad if the Alderman who stands next in rotation to the city king would seriously lay it to heart whether it would not be a step in the interests of civilization to invite his royal brother of Dahomey to spend a month with him in London, and feast him publicly in the Guildhall or the Egyptian Chamber.

Baddahung, according to the best accounts, is somewhat a more tractable savage than his predecessors, and he has a leaning towards Britain and her institutions, as far as he is acquainted with them, which the next Lord Mayor might utilize to some purpose. To use a common expression, the monster's heart is in the right place, if his prejudices and training, his priests and chiefs, and, above all, the state of his revenue, would let it obey its instincts. But clearly we do well to listen to all that can be said about him and his. We may turn up our nose at his religion, though it is not more benighted than that of other savages; and we may well shrink with horror from the page which records his dreadful customs. But if we are to deal with him at all, we must sift him thoroughly. It will never do to sit down and call him names. He is a very deplorable savage, it is true, and we should not like to fall into the hands of his Amazons. But if we hope to convert him we must not use the logic of Billingsgate. Baddahung is a shocking specimen even of black humanity, but mere scolding will not make him better.

We must understand him and his people, and why it is that slavery and the sacrifices flourish under his rule. We take it for granted that if the Grand Customs were to be supplied with victims from his own subjects, they would not be so popular as they are. It would at least be much easier to win the people from them than it is now, when the Fetishes are appeased by victims from the neighbouring tribes, from whom also are derived the captives, whose sale is the most lucrative branch of the king's revenue. In fact, the slave-trade is the staple commerce of Dahomey. A certain number of blacks, engaged in the trade as agents to the French and Brazilian Companies, are sent out to act as spies. They carry a small store of merchandise on their heads to the Croons in the midst of the jungle, make notes of the means of defence possessed

by each tribe, and return to report their observations to the king. His Majesty, thus instructed, sets out and makes captive tribe after tribe, generally falling upon them in the night, and capturing them often without giving or receiving a single blow. He is not a fighting monarch, his subjects are not warriors, their victims are not warriors. Were it otherwise, it would hardly be difficult, as the king often penetrates the interior to distances of from twelve to twenty-four days' journey from his capital, to turn the tables on him, and make him the subject of his Customs. As it is, he goes for the yearly gathering in of some six thousand slaves from the neighbouring hamlets, just as he would collect a flock of sheep, who are sold to the principal dealers, and transferred to the barracoons at Whydah, a portion being reserved either to attend upon the King or do duty in the sacrifices. In one way or another the King obtains a revenue of £50,000 annually from the trade. It and the sacrifices are so intimately linked that they cannot be separated, and though the factories at Whydah are plain enough and vast enough, and their purposes well known; though it is notorious that the French factory pays the King 10,000 dollars per annum for the right of trafficking in slaves, and the Brazilian factory 20,000; though the masters of merchant vessels plying for palm oil between London and Whydah well know the movements of the slave-ships, they dare not impart their knowledge to the officers of the squadron, under pain of death.

We are not informed at what period King Baddahung laid his terrible paw on the town of Whydah, or whether the sacrifices were in such full swing before as they have been since. But this place, which lies almost upon the sea-coast, has given him facilities for the slave-trade which he would not have had. He commands the seaboard, and round him this nefarious traffic collects as its centre. It is otherwise with the King of Ashantee, the potentate of whom "An African" told us last week that he had had the Bible read to him, and had expressed his desire to become a son of the Christian Church. Happily, our settlements at Cape Coast shut him out from the sea, so that he has no outlet to the ocean, while our neighbourhood gives him an opportunity of knowing something of civilized life. Nay, it does more than this. It preserves him in a docile state of mind, overawes what is savage in his nature, and fosters what is mild and placable. It gives his subjects a trade with our people, and where the honest trader goes the missionary may follow with hope of success. We do not, indeed, find that it has as yet been able to make any perceptible progress towards the abolition of the sacrifices. Perhaps the effort has not been made. We should be glad to know—for the fact is one of great importance—whether the sacrifices in Ashantee exist to a less extent than in Dahomey, and whether this is due to the lesser development of the slave trade in the former than in the latter kingdom? In truth, we feel in dealing with this question, that it is one upon which our information is painfully scanty. We see only one or two horrible features, which move us to exclaim against a monster of cruelty. This is natural and right. But we must do more, if we are to discharge the duty which the knowledge of these sacrifices imposes on us. Evidently, there are men amongst us who can give valuable information both about Dahomey and Ashantee. We fear we must put M. Jules Gerard aside, as a gentleman who writes too much under the influence of a vivid imagination to be exactly reliable. But there is Mr. Hillyard, Mr. Craft, and the writer who communicates to the *Times* under the signature, "An African." Captain Burton may be able shortly to add to the information they can give us. The French Government, moreover, should have some knowledge of the factory at Whydah which plays such a distinguished part in the slave trade with the King of Dahomey. One thing, at any rate, is clear: if we are not prepared to take seriously into consideration what can be done to civilize the Ashantees and Dahomians, we have no right to exclaim against their barbarities. But the first step to action is to acquaint ourselves thoroughly with the nature of the work upon which we are entering.

CHURCH REFORM.—No. II.

REVISION OF THE LITURGY.

THE question of Subscription, as it has now been brought practically before the country in consequence of the recent debates in the Legislature, is certainly one which demands at this time the very earnest consideration of the Church, and we hope, in the course of our subsequent inquiry, to give it that attention which its importance deserves. We do not, however, propose to enter largely into the subject now; but merely to offer in the present article a few remarks in the way of caution which the immediate

exigences of the case seem to demand. Judging simply from the tone of the debates, when the subject was last brought under the notice of Parliament, it does not at present seem likely that any hasty or precipitate measures will be adopted in reference to the subject generally; or that any great or immediate alteration will be attempted in the original formula of Subscription, to the Articles and Prayer-book respectively, enjoined by the 36th Canon. With respect, however, to the more special declaration of "assent and consent" enjoined by the Act of Uniformity, the case, as it seems to us, is altogether different. Here there is, if we mistake not, some danger of precipitate action. That there exists, in both Houses of the Legislature, a feeling adverse to this declaration is evident; and both within and without the walls of Parliament, many whose opinions are most likely to influence public judgment in such a matter, have declared themselves in favour of its total abolition. Moreover, it must in any case be borne in mind, that none of the obstacles which would, in the event of any attempted alteration of the Prayer-book itself, or of the form of Subscription prescribed by the 36th Canon, prove an almost certain barrier to hasty action, could be of any avail in the case we are now considering. In each of the two former cases alike, the joint action of Convocation, Parliament, and the Crown would, as the Bishop of London has reminded us, be considered needful in order to give legal effect to the proposed changes; and in one of them at least the number and variety of the alterations required, and the acknowledged difference of opinion which subsists respecting them, would of necessity interpose delay, and thus prove a security against undue precipitation. But in dealing with the Parliamentary formula of "assent and consent," no such safeguard, it is clear, can possibly subsist. For all the purposes of legal effect, nothing more is needed than a simple enactment of the Imperial Legislature. Technical hindrances there are none; so that no effectual barrier can be said to exist to the adoption of measures which might afterwards be discovered, when too late, to have been alike irretrievable and unwise. Any strong expression of popular feeling, for example, or any sudden or hasty resolution of that somewhat fitful assembly, the House of Commons, might at once precipitate a crisis and deprive us for ever, and beyond the possibility of recall, of even a modified form of a practice which has now for two hundred years been the undisturbed law of the Church.

We have been led to make these remarks chiefly in consequence of the opinion now so prevalent, that Subscription to the Prayer-book, as now enforced by the present formula of "assent and consent," might, without any injury to the Church, or to the great cause which she represents, not only be relaxed, as we concede it might, but be done away with altogether. This opinion we believe to be groundless, and fraught with danger to the interests of truth; and we have therefore thought it right, in so important an affair, to follow the guidance of prudent counsels before it be too late. But there is still, as it seems to us, another reason why no time should be lost in taking notice of this matter; and that is, the ill-advised tone adopted by some of the more prominent promoters of the present anti-subscription movement in their treatment of the subject. Of this unwise and incautious spirit the well-known pamphlet of Canon Stanley affords a remarkable instance. This pamphlet has already been answered—and answered, too, as we think, conclusively—as to its leading facts and arguments. But there is still one point which, so far at least as we know, yet remains to be noticed; and that is, the illogical inference in favour of immediate legislative interference in the matter of Subscription which the Professor attempts to draw from the admitted fact of the comparative ease with which such interference may be brought to bear upon the question. Instead of using, as he manifestly ought, this very fact as an argument in favour of caution and delay, he has done unhappily the very reverse. Dr. Stanley is, it would seem, to a certain extent an advocate for Liturgical Revision. A very few alterations might, he thinks, be introduced with advantage, provided the means of effecting them were within reach. This, however, is not the case; and Revision, therefore, if worth a thought at all, must at least stand over till a more convenient season. Total abolition—for Canon Stanley aims at nothing less—of the existing system of Subscription is easy. Consequently, we must go to work upon that at once. "The difficulties," we quote his own words, "in the way of revising the Liturgy are very great: the difficulties in the way of removing Subscription are very small;" and the conclusion he would have us to draw from this comparison is, that we should, "at all events, relieve the Church where we can and as we can." Now, as our object in thus advocating Church Reform fully proves, we perfectly agree with Dr. Stanley that the Church needs "relief," and

that relief she must have sooner or later; but we differ from him altogether as to the mode in which, as here described, this good purpose is to be achieved. To relieve the Church "where we can and as we can," means, of course, as the words are here put before us, nothing less than to abolish Subscription—so far at least as the Prayer-book is concerned—by the shortest possible process and the readiest available means; and that without any reference whatever to relaxation or other more effectual plans for obtaining the desired relief. Upon the unproved assumption that the Liturgy cannot now be revised, we are to do the work of abolition, in the matter of Subscription, with all possible speed, be the consequences for good or evil what they may. Now we protest, not only in the name of the Church of England and the important interests which she represents, but on the bare ground of common sense and fair dealing, against this summary mode of settling a complicated and most comprehensive question. Subscription, taken in the sense of an "unfeigned assent and consent to all and every thing, without exception, contained" in a book of human composition, may be unjust and inexpedient; but the question must not be judged and decided on this ground alone. As a matter of practical interest, after due allowance is made for the human element, the wisdom and justice of any demand for it must depend on the nature and contents of the volume subscribed to, and, therefore, on its revision when necessary.

In this point of view Subscription is, as we have already shown, inextricably bound up with the question of Revision, and cannot be made the subject of full and impartial consideration, except in connection with that important topic. Moreover, as Revisionists, we utterly deny that a temperate and judicious reform of the Prayer-book is, under present circumstances, an impracticable attempt. On the contrary, the recent debate on the Burial Service question—to say nothing of the declared opinion of many wise and good men, including some of the most sagacious of our bishops—affords a presumption that it is not so. But, at all events, as advocates of the Revision cause, we have a right to claim for ourselves and those whose opinions we represent, at least the common justice of a hearing; believing, as we do, not only that Revision is practicable, but also that it is the most effectual source of that "relief" for which the clergy are so loudly calling. We ask, therefore, for a more full and deliberate consideration of the entire question; and that we may at all events be enabled to ascertain with certainty whether Revision be indeed the impracticable thing which its enemies so perseveringly represent it.

But even this is not all: Subscription, as the system now prevails within the borders of the English Establishment, is a subject not only of great importance, but of great intricacy,—variously complicated in itself, and involving some questions which are by no means so easy of settlement as might, upon a superficial view, be imagined. Subscription to Articles has now, in one form or another, been the law of the Church of England for upwards of three centuries, and the present form of "assent and consent" to the Book of Common Prayer for two; and it is, to say the least, desirable that the relationship of these two separate branches of the subject to each other should be duly considered, before any attempt is made to tamper with the present constitution of either. We object therefore, to the present attempt to abolish *in toto* the formula of "assent and consent" before the whole question of clerical attestation, as it now subsists in reference both to *Articles* and *Liturgy*, has been well and maturely considered. What if it should turn out, as ere long perhaps it may turn out, that the present form of legal attestation to the Prayer-book, modified, it may be, to some extent, in its rigour—is, after all, the surest test of clerical fidelity, and the most effective safeguard against the inroads of heresy which the country in these days can possess? Certain it is that the Prayer-book constitutes, in a higher sense even than the Articles, an embodiment of all that is most precious and most pure in the accredited doctrines of the Church; and if the value of a formula of Subscription is to be measured by the importance of the document to be subscribed, some form of Ritual attestation enjoined by the Act of Uniformity, or any amended Act, ought certainly, in comparison with others, to occupy a very foremost place in our estimation. Unquestionably, it ought not to be surrendered until the whole subject has undergone, at the hands both of clergy and laity, a full and impartial investigation.

Here, however, we shall probably be reminded that the *use* of the Prayer-book is alone sufficient. Upon this point we cannot, of course, enter fully at present, though we hope to do so hereafter. Meanwhile, we find in the very fact that this specious argument is used at all, the strongest possible ground for caution. Why this hot crusade against Subscription, were it not that there is a large class amongst us prepared to maintain, that a belief in the

doctrines of the Prayer-book is not necessary on the part of the clergy, provided they will but promise to use it? Can there be, we would ask, a doctrine more entirely at variance than this with the dictates of Christian simplicity, or more utterly subversive even of the grand essential principles of moral rectitude? Did our space permit, words of ours should certainly not be wanting even now thoroughly to expose its danger. We must, however, at least take leave earnestly to remind members of the Church who honestly hold it, that, as one of the most sagacious of our bishops has long ago told us, the Prayer-book of the Church of England comes from times when the "*Lex supplicandi* was the *Lex credendi*;" when "prayer expressed the belief of the Church, and her children believed what they prayed." And so it must be now. If the Church of England is to retain her hold upon the best affections of the people—if she is still to be the Church of the nation, and the main source of spiritual light and moral advancement throughout the land, this identity of Christian belief on the one hand and devotional expression on the other must, we repeat, be still, as it was of old, the rule of her practice—the indispensable law, so to speak, of her very existence.

But when our Bishops, and those who in their place in Parliament have the opportunity of speaking practically to the point, are found to remind the Legislature that the province of dealing authoritatively with this particular point, and of abolishing altogether the present form of assent to the Book of Common Prayer, comes specially within the limit of their jurisdiction—that which Parliament has alone done Parliament may alone undo—the prospect, we submit, is doubly alarming. Parliament, it is true, has hitherto acted cautiously and even reluctantly in the matter. But there are symptoms—unmistakeable symptoms, we think—of a change in this respect; and that the two Houses, hitherto so unwilling to move, may, when the subject is perseveringly pressed upon their attention, not by laymen only but by those also who are popularly assumed to have an official right to dictate in such matters, be disposed to adopt a precipitate, not to say headlong course of action. Let Churchmen, then, stand watchfully on their guard. Ready to concede a relaxation of Subscription when proved to be just and reasonable, let them be prepared with a moderate and practical scheme of Revision, and thus, by removing from our Liturgy those anomalies which have caused offence to tender consciences, and have been fruitful parents of schism, prepare the way for an honest and hearty Subscription.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Every observant member of the Established Church of England and Wales who has had an opportunity of making observations in the several parts of these countries cannot fail to have come to the conclusion, that whatever may be the case, from some special local cause, in this or that particular parish or more extended area, whether rural or urban, yet, as a general rule, drawing our inferences from the number and the character of the attendants at the acts of public worship, the Church of England is not at present the spiritual home of any considerable portion of the lower middle classes, or of the well-to-do weekly-wages classes. Statistics of baptisms, of marriages, of funerals, and of education, indicate that about three-fourths at least (to be under rather than over the mark) of the entire population would say, if asked the question by a Census enumerator, that they belong to the Established Church; although of these three-fourths at least one of the fourths, from various causes, rarely if ever takes part in any act of public worship. But observation shows to those who travel much in Great Britain, and who make a habit of always, whether on work-days or Sundays, or other holy-days, joining the congregation which assembles in the parish church, or chapel of ease or district church, or other new church, or licensed room, which happens to be nearest to the house in which they are sojourning, that the two-fourths of our population that do constitute the public worshippers of the Church of England consist, with but very few exceptions, of the families of the ancient landed aristocracy and of the modern aristocracy of trade; of the families of the most prosperous and longest established professional men; of the higher class of the retail dealers, and of a very large majority of the farmers; and with these, especially in rural districts, the families of a considerable number of the mechanics and the labourers, particularly of the latter where very poor.

It has fallen to my lot during the last few years to visit a great many parts of England and Wales, north and south, from Berwick-upon-Tweed to St. Just at the Land's End, from east to west, and in midland parts, on the sea coast and in the hill country, in agricultural districts and in manufacturing districts. And I cannot but conclude, after much inquiry in various localities, and after being, in very many town and country parishes, admitted behind the scenes by those who, clergy and laity, were best acquainted with the state of things in which their own lot was cast, that great practical changes must be made in the arrangements and the working of the Church of England if she is to be the spiritual home of the whole people of this land as she ought to be. I say of the whole people, meaning thereby the people of every worldly class and circumstance, due allowance being made for the comparatively few restless or rebellious spirits who would never be satisfied unless they could have their own way and bend others to their own will in all things. Nor can I escape the conviction that

there is already a strong under-current of dissatisfaction, which is yearly increasing in depth and breadth and force, among that politically influential body, the lower middle classes, who will demand by-and-by, with an unanswerable plea for justice, and with irresistible force, a readjustment, with reference to their own interests, of the temporalities of the Established Church, if their demand goes no further, unless we are timely wise, and wake with judgment beforehand, while prudent counsels may prevail, to the much-needed reforms.

My own conviction is, that alterations in the order or in the language of the Offices of the Church of England are not called for, or are not likely to be called for, by any large or weighty body of persons; at least not any extensive or momentous alterations. Most of the exceptions which are at present taken to certain words and phrases and directions in the prescribed Offices, will vanish as people become better acquainted with the theological sense in which the Church uses, and has, as a matter of history, in some cases from apostolic days, in others from very early times, always used them. This is a matter of time and education, and of correctness about the meanings of words. Some, however, of the words excepted against, could not be altered by the Church of England without ejecting from her pale so large a number of her most earnest members, that the change would cause her to become much less the spiritual home of the English people than she is at the present hour. But if the practical reforms which are necessary are carried out effectually, I much question if the language used in the Offices will not, after due explanation, be preferred by most of those who now disapprove of them; for often they are merely echoing the opinions of teachers who have hardly had the opportunity, if the inclination, to fit themselves to be authorities on such matters, although full of zeal and earnest for the highest interest of the souls of men, and gifted with a ready utterance and a popular eloquence.

What, then, are the practical reforms I refer to? First, the parish churches belong to the whole people in the parish, and no one resident in a parish ought to have one jot more preference than another in the use of the parish church. If it be necessary, which is much to be questioned, to appropriate a particular seat to a particular family, the appropriation ought to be only for certain services, the seat being free at every other service. Second, the endowments of the Church are a provision to secure the means of public worship and of spiritual ministration for the whole body of the parishioners, according to their needs. These endowments are only a source of income for the clergy on the condition that the interests and the needs of the people are thus fully cared for. Where the ecclesiastical endowment is £600 a-year, and the population is 6,000 in a small town or in a town parish, or is 2,000 in scattered villages in a widely-extended rural parish, the rector must cease to think, and if need be, he must be helped to cease to think, that the income available for himself and his family from ecclesiastical sources is as large as if the endowment was £600 a-year in a small rural parish of only from 300 to 600 inhabitants. Spiritual ministrations in proportion to the wants of the population must be made the first consideration in dispensing the income of an ecclesiastical endowment.

Third. If it be indispensable to continue to lump together as one service, on one occasion during each Sunday, the three distinct services of morning prayer, litany, and Holy Communion, with sermon, yet in parishes with a population too large for the parish church, the Holy Eucharist ought to be offered each Lord's Day, as often as there are priests to celebrate it; and, moreover, there ought to be an arrangement whereby other services, better suited to the spiritual and educational condition of a large portion of the community, should be conducted, either by the clergy, or by some of the laity, approved of by them, at the different hours of the day which are convenient for the different classes of which the population is composed. A short responsive office of prayer and praise should be offered in every parish church, in every town or large village, at least once, if not twice, in the course of every morning, and once, if not twice, every evening; with an instruction, or exhortation, on stated evenings, and especially during Advent and Lent. Every priest ought to offer the Holy Eucharist every day, but laymen might conduct these other offices, and be trusted to make these addresses. Laymen preach in Notre Dame and in other churches, chiefly Roman Catholics, on the Continent.

Fourth. In all large towns and cities, as well as in large country parishes, during certain seasons of the year, on fine days, exhortations should be delivered by the clergy or the laity at central stations, in large open spaces, as of old at St. Paul's Cross and Charing Cross in London, where the unwashed poor might throng, unwashed if they would, to hear the Gospel preached, without money and without price, by the ablest preachers and the most earnest godly men of the age, surrounded by external appointments in choir, &c., such as would arrest attention and attract, not the mere passer-by, but the sluggish tenants of the neighbouring rookeries, urban dens, and rural styes. In all widely scattered rural parishes, the Church of England should have a building in every village of about 300 inhabitants, or in the centre of every population of about 300, in which Divine service could be held once during the afternoon or evening each Sunday, and during at least some one other evening in the week. Laymen might generally conduct these services, where the endowment was small, and the local resident population unable to raise, by voluntary offerings, £100 a year for a priest.

Fifth. Services, less formal than any which are now supposed to be permissible under the "Act of Uniformity"—that foe to missionary zeal in the Church of England—should be held, by both laymen and clergymen, at hours that would not interfere with the prescribed offices, but of course decently and in order, in our parish churches.

Sixth. Our bishops should be more ready to admit into holy orders young men of ability and fair attainments from the lower middle classes, albeit their relations have not been able to afford for them a University education at Oxford or Cambridge, and albeit their educational polish, or even their natural intellect or their scholarly acquirements, are not up to the standard of the squire at the hall or of the lord of a mansion in Piccadilly or Park-lane.

Seventh. Let us have bishops in proportion to the number of the clergy to be visited, and to the number of persons who ought to be confirmed. Let us have bishops with incomes of an ordinarily prosperous professional man, as well as our bishops who are lords in Parliament. Let us have in our bishops real overseers of the flock of Christ, visiting each parish each year, and keeping both clergy and laity up to their work—bishops governing the diocese, not as autocrats, unseen and unknown of five-sixths of the souls under their charge, but as constitutional rulers, advised by the diocesan synod in its lay as well as in its clerical elements, and giving the opportunity of personal acquaintance to every clergyman and layman within their pastorate.

These practical reforms carried out, then in a quarter of a century the Church of England would be the Church, in deed and in truth, of the English nation; not as now of the higher classes and of their dependents, with the poorest who, though full of faith, are too poor to be personally contributors to the expenses inseparable from religion, and are therefore not sought after by those whose institutions must be self-supporting. These practical reforms carried out, and five-sixths of the causes for Dissent would be vanished. Dissenters consist more of persons who dissent from the abuses and neglects of the Established Church than of persons who think that they are competent to dissent from her doctrines. Dissenters would then be limited to the comparatively few persons who, from one cause or another, consider that it is more likely that they will individually be led by the Holy Spirit to the truth, or be otherwise able to arrive at it, than that the whole body of the good and earnest, and able and learned men who are given to the Church in each generation, or who have been given to it in the course of the bygone generations, are in possession of the truth, as regards all the points on which there has always been unanimity.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A CHURCHMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The revision of the Prayer-book is a subject which at this time engages the thoughts of many, of those who take an interest in the safety and prosperity of our beloved Church, and of others whose hearts are indifferent, if not more than indifferent, to her well-being. That it is a subject full of anxiety, full of difficulties, may be readily admitted, because, without the total surrender of every bulwark, it will be simply impossible to conciliate the good-will or satisfy the requirements of the contending parties.

The object which our Reformers had in view was, by removing objectionable, questionable, or unnecessary ceremonial, to conciliate many who conscientiously objected to such observances as are calculated to inculcate much which the Church does not hold nor teach, not being in her opinion consistent with the teaching of Holy Scripture, by removing that which was open to the charge of will-worship; much which, if not idolatrous, certainly was not in unison with the spirit of the Gospel. In reference to her formularies and prayers, to use the words of Froude, in his history of the period of the Reformation, "having been composed at a period when old and new beliefs were contending for supremacy, there may be found, in her Prayer-book, some remnants of opinions which have no longer, perhaps, a place in our convictions; but the more arduous problems of speculation are concealed behind a purposed vagueness. And the spirit of the Prayer-book is the spirit of piety more than of theology; of wisdom more than of dogma."

The Acts of Uniformity which have been passed for ensuring the due observance of the services set forth in the Prayer-book, and due respect for the doctrines which our Church has appointed as being most in accordance with the teaching of Holy Writ, were framed so as to insure, as far as human laws can insure, attention to the rules and regulations set forth in the Ritual.

When the Prayer-book was revised in 1662, several alterations were made in it, which, though apparently of little importance, have, in the use latterly made of them, been the occasion of much difference of opinion and of many difficulties. Those alterations obtained the sanction of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, which Act was hurried through the House of Commons with reprehensible expedition; the members of that House were ignorant of the alterations which had been made in the Prayer-book, and had not time even to see what, or in what services such alterations had been introduced, still less to consider.

Some of those alterations have latterly furnished excuse for the changes which have been more recently made in the performing of public worship—changes which have offended and driven many faithful members of our communion from their usual places of meeting for Divine worship.

In the early part of the present reign, the 3rd & 4th Vict., cap. 86, an Act entitled "An Act for better enforcing Church Discipline," was passed, by which Act the provisions of the Acts of Uniformity of Charles II. and of Queen Elizabeth were much altered. Complaint was not, as theretofore, to be examined by a jury of twelve men, as had been appointed by the Acts of Uniformity, but was thenceforward to be brought under the view of the bishop of the diocese in which the alleged offence had arisen; and with the permission of the bishop might be examined into by certain individuals selected by the bishop for the occasion.

It may have been that the penalties under the Acts of Uniformity were more severe than at this time may be deemed necessary; if so, it may have been desirable to alter and mitigate the severity of them, and it was within the competency of Parliament to sanction such change; but the removal of the venue to a new tribunal, the appointment of which is vested in the individual bishop, and the giving such bishop power, at his own discretion, either to sanction or to refuse the complaint being heard, went to deprive the Acts of Uniformity of all authority.

In many cases the bishop may be considered as having been, if not the originator, certainly the approver, of the changes which had given offence; therefore, to appeal to him is to appeal to an interested and not impartial tribunal. Before such a tribunal the people are not

inclined to bring their cause, especially since the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in 1857, by which a decision which had been obtained in the ecclesiastical courts was set aside, and permission accorded to the offenders to continue the offence against the laws of the Church. One prelate has recently declared there may be circumstances in which he would not counsel a clergyman to observe the direction in the Prayer-book; and another has said he would not put the law in force against such an offender, and that without his permission and action the law could not be appealed to.

If such be the case, then the Church of this country merely exists under the pleasure of the individual bishop within whose see it may be placed; it is not under the protection of even the bench of bishops collectively, nor yet under the protection of the laws.

The increasing difficulties in the Church are evidence that, under such a system, the Church cannot flourish, nor can the nation enjoy peace.

The remedy must not, however, be sought in the revision and alteration of the Prayer-book, but in the restoring of an authority in which the people can place confidence, and by which the observance of the rules and regulations of the Church may be enjoined, and if necessary enforced.

When that has been accomplished, then it may be advisable to consider if any and what alterations may or can be made to remove any real grievances, should such exist, and to satisfy the conscientious scruples of those who minister. But we must not forget that the people have consciences as well as the clergy, and that they are equally worthy of consideration.

Clergymen should recollect, when acting ministerially, they are but repeating the words of the Church; that they are enunciating opinions or sentiments of the Church for which they are neither morally nor conscientiously responsible. They are but fulfilling a duty which they have undertaken and promised, under the most solemn appeal to God, faithfully to perform.

As respects the assumed claim of the bishop to refuse to entertain the examination of the complaint—and not only so, but to prevent it being entertained—it is the assumption of a power superior to any which belongs to the Sovereign of these realms. The courts of redress are open to all, and the Crown does not interfere to stay justice. The well-known sentence, "Let right and justice be done," is the noble answer ever returned to a petition in which the interests of the Sovereign are more immediately concerned.

To revise the Prayer-book, or to alter the Acts of Uniformity, before a tribunal is established competent to examine into complaints, to amend error, and punish delinquency, is merely trifling with a most interesting and important subject. If bishops can dispense with conformity, can recommend deviation from appointed rules, and can impede, nay, stay all examination into such irregularities, then to talk of a National Church is simply ridiculous. If each bishop is at liberty to exercise his own discretion in respect of doctrine, of ceremonial, and of the celebration of public worship, and to enjoin upon the clergy of his diocese the observance of such his own conclusions,—then uniformity is impossible, and to talk of a National Church delusive. The Church may be diocesan, but that which is the order of to-day may cease to be the rule, should the present occupier of the see be removed, either by death or by translation to another see.

Again, the latitudinarian spirit which prevails in some bosoms would prefer that each clergyman should, in the discharge of his public duties, be permitted to follow the fancies of his own idiosyncrasy.

There seems to be little consideration for the conscientious feelings of the people. As sheep before their shearers are dumb, so are they expected to be silent. Yet they will hereafter be called before a tribunal at which they—not the minister for them—they must answer for the things done in the flesh—the follies of the teachers will have little value in the settlement of their own account.

The Jesuit Parsons recommended the establishing a Council of Reformation, which, without adopting the objectionable name, "the Inquisition," might exercise the duties and powers of that holy office; and some of the clergy seem disposed to restore the crushing and tyrannical power of excommunication, and to assume authority to examine and condemn works.

The times are overshadowed with dark omens.

BRITANNICUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The curate of the parish in which I reside is an estimable man of good character, but of such moderate ability as to make it clear to every one but himself that he has entirely mistaken his vocation. Notwithstanding the esteem in which personally he is held, empty pews always appear on the day when his turn for pulpit duty comes round: but we hear our curate is to go. He has previously resigned several curacies under similar circumstances.

Our curate is wealthy, and it is whispered that he intends to purchase a living, so as to be lawfully able to tyrannize over some small section of her Majesty's lieges, and drive them from the Church. Let him go where he will, it requires no oracle to declare there will be a tolerably large sprinkling of Dissenters before long in the favoured parish.

From your published programme I presume you intend discussing, without reserve, the bearing of questions like these on the interests of religion. If so, I shall be happy to furnish you with some further particulars that may be useful.

OXONIENSIS.

THE "Standard Arithmetic," by Mr. E. L. Jones (Simpkin, London; Heywood, Manchester, 1863), is one of those collections of questions on the simple and compound rules of arithmetic which is very useful to tutors, but not more suitable for the general reader than for the schoolboy. Some of the questions are amusing, others instructive.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

A FRENCH PRIEST'S VIEW OF IRELAND.*

THE distinctive troubles of Ireland are referable to two causes, acting in combination, which have separately been enough, in many nations and in many times, to throw society into fierce disturbance—the tenure of land and the antagonism of creeds. The conquest of Ireland, and the successive confiscations which followed on the struggles of the vanquished to throw off the yoke, resulted in placing the ownership of the great mass of Irish soil in the hands of a comparatively small number of persons, who looked upon the peasants as their enemies or their serfs. The English settlers resided at a distance from their estates, and had little of that prudential wisdom which would adopt kindness and liberality as the best means of promoting even a selfish policy. To this came to be added religious differences, the landlords becoming mainly Protestants, the tenants remaining mainly Romanists. When others came in to settle as tenants or holders of small properties, they came bringing with them their Protestant faith, as the Roman colonists brought their civic pride, to be the advanced guard of an encroaching empire, as outposts in an enemy's country, not seeking quarter, and not willing to give any. If there is any other fact which may claim a place besides these in the analysis of Irish history, it is the barbarous state of the inhabitants when the conquest first took place. This may very probably have largely contributed to give to the economical condition of the country the special character which we now find—a large population caring only for the possession of land, and with a miserably low standard of comfort. But with different tenures and wiser landlords this would have admitted of gradual improvement.

Father Perraud has written this volume to show that, notwithstanding all that has been done for Ireland in recent times, she has still numerous grievances which justify "the complaints of the national press." He remarks, however, that "the national party has been divided by artful concessions; and, as its only strength was in union, these divisions have completely neutralized its influence as a representative body in the British Parliament." Is this only another way of saying that the substantial grievances of Ireland have been so far redressed that it is difficult to make out a strong case for exceptional legislation? This book is an account of the present condition of Ireland, under the heads of Political Equality, Landed Property, Industry and Commerce, Emigration, Destitution, the Poor-law, Public Education, and the Religious Question. Besides a short general historical introduction, the discussion of each question is prefaced with a certain amount of historical detail. The facts are partly taken from Blue Books, "Thom's Official Directory," "Battersby's Catholic Directory," newspapers, and works both old and recent, treating generally of Ireland or specially of particular questions; but partly obtained by a personal visit of the author in 1860. He tells us that, "after having prepared and printed a long list of questions touching all the points he had begun to examine, he went to Ireland to look for the answers to these questions, checking one set of evidence by others, and all by a personal and most attentive examination of the state of the country, the working of the institutions, and the minutest details of social life." Since the author visited Ireland, his book has been "rewritten, and subjected to the searching examination of men the most competent to point out its defects."

Father Perraud is, we think, an honest and painstaking inquirer, and we have been somewhat surprised to find a book upon Ireland, by a French Ultramontane priest, so moderate in its spirit, on the whole, and with so few foreigner's blunders. As a repository of information on some Irish questions, it will not be without its use to those who have no great acquaintance with the subject. But the book is heavy,—something like a Blue-book with rhetorical passages inserted in it; and the author always looks through the spectacles of Irish Roman Catholic bishops. We confess to entertaining great doubts whether, if they had not looked before him, Father Perraud would have found as many grievances in Ireland as he does. They have at all times shown the most lively appreciation of a possible ground of complaint, and habitually consider anything which does not tend to their predominance as an injustice to Ireland. No doubt there are traces enough to be found of great oppressions now past; but the relics of a great oppression are not always great present grievances. There are, however, certain questions upon which much difference of opinion exists, and which the Government has decided one way, while Romanist Bishops and some Irish editors think they ought to be decided another way. But it destroys all the perspective of the picture if distant troubles are put in the foreground along with the real perplexities of the present, and if rhetorical expostulations in an injured tone, which might have befitted the subject before the Emancipation Bill, are applied to questions of outdoor Poor-law relief, and mixed national education. The two matters which we named at the beginning of this notice—the tenure of land and the antagonism of creeds—do, indeed, contain points of capital importance. To deal with the first fully and satisfactorily would require the application of principles new to English law, although we do not, therefore, by any means deny that such innovation is desirable; to remove the latter is a task for individual consciences rather than national legislation.

* Ireland in 1862. Translated from the French of the Rev. Father Adolphe Perraud, Priest of the Oratory of the Immaculate Conception. Dublin: James Duffy. 1863. Pp. 564.

To learn and practise tolerance without losing zeal; to hold intelligently and earnestly one's own faith and opinions, whilst yet habitually remembering that God is above all a God of love and justice; to strive for the success of what we most value, and yet strive as eagerly to keep our good end free from the taint of ill means—this is a duty for Catholics as well as for Protestants, but above and beyond political action or class legislation. By all means, if Romanists are not treated fairly, let legislation do what it can; but the English are, we fear, justified in not shaking off at once all prejudices against Romanist preponderance. And we may fairly suspect that those, who are so ready to defend the Pope's temporal government, who will fight in its cause, or with episcopal unction bless the fighters, are not actuated solely by a high-minded sense of political injustice, when they declaim about English misgovernment, and sigh for impartial justice and unprejudiced toleration.

In calling this book moderately written, we of course speak comparatively. Let no Irishman think that Father Perraud is at all unsound on any Irish grievance: English past oppression meets with the blame it richly deserves; and English present legislation meets with a good deal of vituperation that it does not deserve. We hope Irishmen will not be angry because the Father makes many admissions in favour of modern English treatment. We cannot resist quoting one or two. On p. 21 he says:—

"England and Ireland are doubtless both under the same institutions, the same customs, and the same administrative machinery, judicial and financial. What is more, there is not a single one of all the civil and political liberties, coveted to-day by many great Continental nations, of which Ireland is not in full possession: trial by jury for instance; the independence of judges; the responsibility of all functionaries before judicial authority; the right of association and meeting; individual liberty; liberty of the press; liberty of education. These are certainly precious guarantees; and all the more valuable inasmuch as they render possible the reform of every abuse and the accomplishment of every improvement."

Again, p. 214, "In a commercial and industrial point of view, Ireland has been, as far as law can now do it, put upon complete equality with England." On p. 266 he speaks of the Catholic Church as "enjoying a greater share of liberty in that Protestant country (England) than in some which now have never ceased to be Catholic." On p. 407, speaking of the Christian Brothers' Schools, he praises "that absolute freedom of association and teaching respected by the English Government even in the case of those whose influence it most dreads, whom the most intolerant Minister would blush to harass with the mean and clumsy annoyances which are daily to be met with in some Catholic countries." And again, p. 451, "In Ireland, then, as in England, there is nothing to trammel the pastoral and administrative action of the (Catholic) Church." And finally, p. 303, he endorses the eulogium of M. St. Marc Girardin on the English conscience—"A conscience alike noble and generous, Christian and charitable, which respects justice and honour."

What then are the Irish grievances? Father Perraud points out truly enough that, where the peasantry are mainly Catholic, and the chief executive officers and landowners mainly Protestant, there is more chance of unfairness in the practical administration of government than there is in England. One of his complaints, which appears several times, is that the number of Catholics holding executive offices in the Excise, Coast-guards, Boards of Education, Emigration, Poor-law, and Loan-funds, the Constabulary, &c., are not in proportion to the Catholic population; indeed, usually at least, as regards important posts, in a minority. So, again, the justices of the peace, who have both judicial, and as grand-jurors, corresponding to our boards of Quarter-sessions, administrative power, are landowners, and therefore chiefly Protestants. This is unfortunate; but it scarcely constitutes a grievance, unless it could be shown that more unfit men are appointed because Protestants, and the better men excluded because Catholics. Father Perraud does not assert this, nor that, as a matter of fact, the cause of justice and good government suffers often in consequence.

The number of Irish members is not, it appears, a fair proportion to the population. "Ireland sends to the Imperial Parliament slightly less than a sixth of all the members, whilst proportionate equality would give her the right of having 420,000 electors and 256 members." But Perraud blunders. The population of Ireland, by the census of 1861, which nearly agrees with Perraud's data, was not quite one-fifth of the whole population of the United Kingdom. The number of electors of the United Kingdom, according to the latest returns at hand (one of 1859 quoting from one of 1857), was 1,233,374. It is therefore clear that 247,000 electors and 132 members would be Ireland's share, according to this mode of reckoning. Probably the printer has something to do with this blunder, as with another on the same page. It did not occur to Perraud to take into consideration the amount of property in Ireland compared with that of the United Kingdom. We will supply this. According to the returns of the gross amount of property assessed for income-tax for the year 1856-7, Ireland's return under schedule A (real property) was less than one-tenth of the whole; under schedule B (farming profits), less than one-nineteenth; under schedule D (trades and professions), the same. This will alter considerably Ireland's right, according to "proportionate equality."

Trial by jury is all very well, but the sheriff packs the jury, says the author. That the jurors empanelled at the assizes have

been mainly Protestant is perhaps true; but is it not also true that Catholics in Ireland have a dogged way of resisting testimony against a Catholic prisoner, especially in cases of agrarian outrage? What says Perraud himself? "The unanimity of the jury is essential to the validity of the verdict; therefore, when the accused is Catholic and the Government wants a verdict of guilty, it must almost necessarily empanel an exclusive Protestant jury." Moreover, this book furnishes us, quite incidentally, with several instances where an exclusively Protestant jury have given the right verdict in favour of a Catholic. But we have not space to examine all Father Perraud's complaints. One more we must mention, as it makes us hesitate to say much in favour of the author's accuracy and insight. He complains that the Poor-Law Boards of Guardians are partly composed of *ex-officio* members, every magistrate being entitled to a place. And these magistrates have the singular privilege of voting by proxy (p. 315). Thus, "Wealthy landowners, generally Protestants, can make but short and rare visits to their Irish estates, and yet keep up, by the intervention of a neighbouring landlord, the influence of their votes in all meetings of the Board of Guardians. . . . A decisive preponderance is thus secured to the Protestant and aristocratic element" (p. 316). Now, first, Perraud does not mention that one-half of the rates *legally* falls on the landlords, as the whole does really; secondly, that the number of *ex-officio* guardians can never, by law, be more than one-half of the whole board; thirdly, it is in evidence that the *ex-officio* guardians actually present rarely amount to more than one-third of the number at any meeting, and often are much fewer than that. Ah, but Father Perraud would reply, "they can vote by proxy. And only think, sometimes one individual will hold 2,000 proxies, and even vote for persons who are dead" (p. 360). We believe the largest board in Ireland consists of ninety members; the average is, perhaps, a half or a third of this number, so that the mention of 2,000 proxies ought to have put our author on his guard. Need we say that the proxy-voting relates to the election of Poor-law guardians, and is allowed in England also? No member of the board, whether elective or official, can vote unless present.

There seems some fatality in Irish statistics. On p. 118 we are told that, in 1861, there were 2,623,683 acres of land *under the plough*. But in the debate on Colonel Dunne's motion last spring, Sir R. Peel is reported to have said that in the same year "there were 15,320,000 acres of arable land under cultivation." Both statements are wrong. The truth is, Father Perraud's figures really apply to *cereal crops* only: Sir R. Peel's to all land under cultivation, both arable and pasture, and even including towns and plantations.

On p. 4 we are informed that the Emancipation Act excludes "Catholics from the three highest offices in the state—namely, those of the Lord-Lieutenant, the Chancellor, and the *Vice-Chancellor*." The exclusion of Catholics from the last-named office is certainly remarkable: there is no such office, which of course makes the matter doubly grievous to an Irishman. On p. 154 we are told that the "University of Cambridge confided to a learned Englishman, Mr. Joseph Kay, the mission of travelling through Europe, in order to examine closely the social condition of the agricultural and working classes," &c. Who would recognise under this description the extinct travelling bachelorships, which were simply small annuities for three years, on condition of travelling and sending in a formal Latin report, which might be as meagre as the reporter chose? There is some other curious information: for instance (p. 161), the authority of M. de Beaumont is invoked for the assertions that, "under the English conveyancing system, nothing is easier than to sell to one an estate mortgaged to a second, and already given away to a third;" and that "the sale or purchase of a small estate in England is almost impossible, since the expense incurred by the deed would exceed the value of the land transferred." Father Perraud considers the removing of entails by fine and recovery as "evidently nothing more than an exceptional usage" that is rarely adopted; and he complains greatly (p. 66) of exceptional legislation being applied to Ireland, such as a "Bill of treason-felony law" in 1848, when the act thus curiously named binds Englishmen as well as Irish. On p. 473 our author exults in the rapid progress of church-rate abolition, and points to the encouraging fact that "last year the measure was only defeated by the Speaker's casting vote." We expect Sir J. Trelawny saw very little encouragement in that. Some of these blunders, though not unnatural in a foreigner, make us suspect Perraud's knowledge to be only skin deep. He is not stronger on Roman law. "*Against the stranger* (i.e., against the enemy) *eternal revenge* was one of the fundamental principles of the twelve tables. *Adversus hostem aeterna auctoritas* (p. vii.): which is again paraphrased as "for the enemy the perseverance of an unrelenting vigour." A more complete misunderstanding we have not often seen. *Auctoritas* is *title*; and the meaning in English terms is, adverse possession by one who is not a Roman citizen can never affect a Roman's title to his property. The maxim simply confines to Roman citizens the benefits of *usucapio*.

In conclusion, our readers may like to know what Father Perraud estimates the receipts of the Catholic clergy in Ireland to be: 28 bishops at £500 each; 1,036 parish priests at £200 each; and 1,491 curates at £80; in all, £340,980. These incomes arise from the "offerings of the faithful." Besides the pastoral clergy it is stated that there are also "528 priests in seminaries, chaplains, and religious in the ministry."

A RAID INTO MANTCHURIA.*

WITH a praiseworthy desire to see for himself how far the Celestial Government was disposed to give effect to those provisions of the Treaty of Peking which threw open the Middle Kingdom to barbarian enterprise, the author of this pleasant book resolved in July, 1861, to visit Moukden, the remote and little known capital of Manchuria, the cradle of the present imperial dynasty of China. The task was a venturesome one at best, but was rendered doubly so by the season of the year at which it was undertaken, and Mr. Fleming loses no opportunity of vilipending "the horrible summer sun" of China. So determined was he, however, that he had made all his arrangements for starting alone, when fortunately Mr. Michie, member of a Shanghai business firm, made his appearance, bound on a similar errand, but with extension of trade as his excuse for what all the *quidnuncs* of Tien-Tsin pronounced a most foolhardy enterprise. Mr. Michie, to whom, by the way, the book is dedicated, proved a most useful ally both in himself, and a certain Mafos, his attendant, an elderly Chinese factotum, converted by the Jesuits of Sikkawei, and perfectly orthodox in his drunken bouts, whenever the samshu was good and readily accessible. Three hardy Manchoo ponies were purchased for the trip, which after doing forty miles a day for three weeks without intermission, got positively into condition on the coarse parched herbage of southern Manchuria.

The route of the little party led round the north shores of the Gulf of Petcheli, a bay of the Yellow Sea, which sea they afterwards skirted as far as Ying-Tsze, at the mouth of the river Lian-Ho, on which, about fifty miles from its mouth, is the treaty port of New-chwang, among the last batch thrown open to us. About 150 miles E.N.E. of this lies Moukden. On reference to the map, therefore, it will be seen that our two adventurous Britons passed quite beyond the Great Wall, into regions hitherto almost unvisited by the European. When we further mention that they achieved this marked success without one single article being lost or stolen, and without the necessity for adopting disguise of any sort, we think our readers will agree with us that our intercourse with northern China and Manchuria is even already placed upon a friendly footing, which it will be our own fault if we suffer ourselves to be deprived of, by permitting violence and rapacity on the part of our traders. With the exception of a slight mobbing which the party was subjected to at New-chwang, and which was speedily apologized for on an application from Mr. Meadows, our consul at Ying-Tsze (which is the real seat of trade for this region), nothing could exceed the hospitality and attention displayed by the inhabitants. The Mandarins, as a matter of course, were occasionally troublesome—as where are they not?—but the sight of a passport from the Imperial Commissioner at Tien-Tsin, with which they were luckily induced to supplement Sir Harry Parkes' more unpretending permit, always proved successful in smoothing any obstacles.

But no official document or innate friendliness of the natives could restrain the expression on their part of the most boundless curiosity. From the moment Messrs. Fleming and Michie quitted Tien-Tsin to the day, five weeks later, when they found themselves on board H.M.S. *Odin*, on their way back to the Peiho, their steps were dogged by hundreds of eager and excited Chinese—not Tartars or Manchus—who had never seen a "foreign barbarian," and were in blessed ignorance of the wars, and the treaties, and even of the taxes. When they turned into an inn at night, they ate their frugal supper in presence of a general committee of all the leading men of the village, the seniors having the post of honour, close to the elbow of either guest, when each fresh manoeuvre with knife, fork, or spoon, occasioned alternate interjections of astonishment, bursts of applause, or shouts of merriment. An illustration of one of these nightly levees at page 203 is simply inimitable; and we may avail ourselves of the opportunity to observe that all the illustrations are of a very superior order, full of character and finish. Occasionally, however, the intense wonderment of the audience overcame their discretion, and as each relay of visitors arrived, the foremost ranks would get fairly pushed over the strangers as they reclined on their mats. Upon such occasions a small riding-whip of Mr. Michie's did invaluable service, the whole swaying crowd taking to headlong flight, to the imminent risk of life and limb, whenever the barbarian rose in his wrath. The accommodation at the inns was almost invariably wretched, the apartment allotted them being in many cases only separated by a thin partition, from the general dormitory of all and sundry the very nondescript visitors of a village inn among a nomad population. Very singular was the scene sometimes, when our travellers would hear the men in adjacent beds recounting their adventures, or gambling till a comparatively advanced hour, while at the far end of the huge apartment was a gridiron, whence savoury messes of rat-pie and cucumber, and similar delicacies, were supplied by way of nightcap, the entire charge for lodgment and board amounting to about three farthings English! There were no sashed windows even to the best sleeping apartments, though there were occasional glazed panes, kept hermetically closed; with what effect in a climate of such raging heat in summer may be imagined. But, in point of fact, few things seem to have struck Mr. Fleming more than the utter unsuitability of the Tartar houses to resist the extremes of heat and cold to which they are exposed. Close and almost stifling in the sultry heats of

* Travels on Horseback in Mantchu Tartary. By G. Fleming. Hurst & Blackett.

summer, they are so badly arranged and so ill-built that the severity of the cold in winter must be most acutely felt; and such, upon inquiry he was informed, was the case.

The road necessarily intersected the celebrated Great Wall, which is described pretty fully, but does not give us much information that is novel as to the general features. His remarks, however, as to the mode of construction, are interesting, and afford a good idea of the author's keen, clear observation, and his appreciation of details—the true test of a traveller. He tells us that the celebrated towers of which we have read so much in our boyhood,—

"Have, with the walls, been admirably built to withstand the devastations of ages of exposure in such a climate. The basement or foundation for the whole is widely and compactly formed for bearing the weight of such a load of matter, by imperishable granite blocks imposed on each other to an elevation of six or eight feet from the ground. On this the body of the building is reared, consisting of an internal bank of earth tightly rammed and packed, and encased in a sloping brick shell of no great thickness, embedded very firmly in mortar of great apparent strength and hardness—consisting, so far as I can judge, of a large proportion of remarkably white lime, similar to the *chunam* of India, mixed with sand and pebbles in very small quantity. The courses of the brickwork were regular and well pointed, and in working up the wall the observer could scarcely fail to notice that it had only been laid in layers six or eight feet deep at a time; leading him to suppose that the builders had been fully alive to the necessity of allowing one part to settle down and solidify before building any higher, in order to prevent displacement and speedy demolition from premature shrinking."

In his endeavours to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the component parts of the Great Wall, Mr. Fleming had well nigh lost his life, and indeed was only saved by unceasing presence of mind and determined pluck. At this point, the furthest east section of the Great Wall, the mountains approach within about ten miles of the sea, and the nearest of these, about two miles distant from Shang-hai-Kwan, our travellers resolved to ascend. Halfway up, Mr. Michie gave in, under the "horrible summer sun," leaving Mr. Fleming to prosecute the adventure alone. After enjoying for a time the view of the Great Wall serpentine up and down, he unluckily thought he would do something smart by re-entering the town from the north side. In so doing, he lost his way, and found himself among a series of cockpits, where the sun could exercise his full power, where not a breath of air was stirring, not a sign of life visible, nor a drop of water to be seen. Among these he kept wandering for several hours, till he felt symptoms of incipient sunstroke, and began to give himself over for lost. Fortunately, towards afternoon he discovered a spring, in the basin of which he went to sleep; and awakening greatly refreshed, with the cool of the evening to help him, gained the Wall without further misadventure, scaled it, to the ludicrous horror and affright of some Tartar haymakers, and was ultimately rescued by the ever-faithful Michie.

The description of Moukden, the goal of their aspirations and limit of their pilgrimage, is distressingly meagre; but for this Mr. Fleming is not to blame, as they really had no opportunity of seeing the place owing to official jealousy and plebeian curiosity. It is described as a quadrangle, built around the old Mantchu palace, adjoining which are a drum-tower and a bell-tower. The walls are about 30 feet high, springing from a base of about 24 feet, gradually narrowing at the top to about 16 feet—in short, not much differing from other walls around old Eastern towns. Here they found one solitary instance of a man confessing he was a Mantchu. To be able to say, *Civis Sincensis sum*, seems to be the height of ambition of a Tartar of any sort—a curious analogue of the jealousy with which the barbarous masters of Rome in the fifth century ever afterwards insisted on the title of *Civis Romanus*.

What strikes our author most is the entirely English character of the landscapes and villages in most of the regions north of the Great Wall. In fact, were it not for the pagoda, and the small feet of the women,—a fashion which, if we are to believe Mr. Fleming, is far more stringently enforced in Northern China and Manchuria, than in the flowery "golden-lilies" South,—an unobservant traveller might readily fancy himself in some remote, retired part of England or Wales; so trim the cottages, overgrown with honeysuckle or cockscomb,—so pretty and romantic-looking the roadside well, with its group of chattering girls about it,—so pretentious the little village of tradesmen's shops, with the mighty smith's forge invariably at one end of the single street, and so peaceful the humdrum life of the scores of thousands of such hamlets, which must be scattered all over China. But "the hall," the squire's mansion, and "the village church among the trees," are accessories, the absence of which mars the general effect, and is pointedly insisted on by our author.

Throughout a six weeks' cruise, not a single article was lost or stolen, and Mr. Fleming was deeply impressed with the general hospitality and amiability of this simple-minded agricultural people, among whom such things as cruelty to animals or outrages amongst themselves are entirely unknown. The narrative of a visit paid to such a race could hardly fail to be interesting in any hands. In Mr. Fleming's, who unites a keenly-observant eye to much general humour and shrewd common sense, the interest hardly flags for a moment; the only exceptions, in fact, being on those far too frequent occasions where Mr. Fleming deems that some snatch of poetry can express his feelings better than his own

nervous, manly English prose. It is a fault incidental to young authors, and of which we feel convinced Mr. Fleming will purge any future work.

MR. J. E. READE'S LAUREATE WREATH.*

THIS is a book which it is not very easy for a critic to treat at once justly and kindly. There is nothing in it that demands hearty praise; there is nothing that needs to be very severely censured. We turn over its pages in vain if we would find in them words of poetic inspiration; if we look for utterances of thought that could not be silent, of emotion or passion that could not be repressed, of genius that lays on us its sovereign hand and leads us willingly captive in its train. On the other hand, we are not offended by any glaring faults; there is nothing coarse or vulgar, nothing spasmodic or sensational, nothing mean or frivolous, from beginning to end. In its mode of thought and tone of feeling, as in its general language and style, the volume is characterized by a certain quiet dignity and conventional propriety, rising here and there into gracefulness. The mild, meditative, kindly face that looks out on us from the frontispiece reflects in a singularly exact and complete manner the character of the book itself. Even the comfortable self-estimate which is very plainly uttered in several of the poems is traceable in the portrait. In the poem entitled "Fame," Mr. Reade says:—

"I from youth
In lowliest reverence bowed before thy shrine;
And now, led onward by thy sister Truth,
I stand within thy Temple."

In "My School Playground," one of the liveliest and best of the lyrics, he says:—

"I feel the duty is fulfilled my soul was set to do,
To read the book of truth, the heart of man and nature, through."

That is a great achievement indeed, and one which we never heard boasted of before. The same feeling is expressed in the "Farewell to the Muse":—

"'Tis not that this hand is shaken,
Once which struck the chords sublime;
That this soul no more can waken
Strings that own the touch of time;
But the glorious themes that haunted
Ardent youth and life are sung."

We have all heard the old story of Alexander stopped in his career of conquest for want of more worlds to conquer; but it is something new to hear a poet confess that he leaves off singing, not because he is conscious of failing power, but because his "glorious themes" are all used up.

The principal poem, which gives name to the volume and occupies more than half its bulk, is entirely uninteresting. It is very heavy work to read it through, and it is not likely that many will do for their own pleasure what we as faithful reviewers have done as a matter of duty. Mr. Reade's poems have been likened to Wordsworth's, and in one respect we recognise the likeness in this "Laureate Wreath," in its cumbrous phrases and sentences. We discover little else that is Wordsworthian. And even in this point the likeness is not complete; for in Wordsworth's most ponderous and awkward passages there is a meaning clear and intelligible, if only you will take the pains to look steadily for it. But in some of Mr. Reade's involved paragraphs we fail, in spite of best endeavours, to grasp any clear meaning at all. Moreover the whole poem is vague, shadowy, unreal. The very names given to the rival poets who figure in it—"Astrophel" and "Auriol"—may be accepted as typical of the men themselves and the world they move in. To this charge of unreality we must make one exception, to which we shall presently refer. The story of the poem is as follows:—A poet wanders out of a great city in the twilight, and falls asleep among sickly trees in the suburbs. An old man and his daughter ride by on horseback, and pause, wondering, beside him. The lady is fascinated, and makes myths as she reads the sleeper's face. The two invite the awakened dreamer to their house, which is near. He tells them he is one of the class of unrecognized heroes, worn with toil and baffled hope, and that he has no home except his lodging in the city. Their renewed invitation he accepts, but pleads a sacred duty, owing that night, in excuse for delay. The poet and the lady look at one another in a very interesting manner, each becoming a source of "electric light" to the other (if we understand the passage), and so they part.

The poet walks along the lamp-lit streets, and when the prostitutes stare and address him he answers them so kindly that they sigh as they pass on, recalling voices they had once loved. At the door of a low, desolate house he enters and stands before his mother. She, venerable lady, sitting in her antique chair, notices a change on her son's face, and says he must go away for a time. He tells her he cannot leave her alone and speaks of a lost sister; and then, with emotion and reserve and high-flown sentiment, he reports his adventure. The mother bids him talk prose to her, and asks whether the old man was alone. She detects deep feeling in his face reflected in the mirror, and he confesses the daughter was there too, and that he rather liked her. The poet then goes to a church-

* The Laureate Wreath and other Poems. By John Edmund Reade. Longman.

yard and kneels down in the moonlight by a lonely grave railed in among rank grass and adorned with lilies. When the clock strikes he returns to the city. At the stately hall of his new friends Astrophel sees life wasted in hunting, game-preserving, billiards, angling, music, and dancing, and is introduced to another strange man, also a poet, Auriol. Next scene, a grot on a lawn, Cornelia (the daughter) reclining there, and Astrophel at her feet. She tells him she cannot read his face, and draws him on to tell her the story of his life: which told, they look at one another and are silent, like lovers. She twines a wreath for him, and then, if we read aright, they embrace and part. Auriol comes to the grot and asks Astrophel not to enter the lists on the morrow, confessing that he is in love with Cornelia. But Astrophel refuses the boon. The contest takes place, and Auriol wins the wreath. Once more Cornelia and Astrophel meet in the grot—he talks grandiloquently of his verse and song—and she gives him a laurel wreath again.

Years pass, and he sits in the same "oratory" once more. As he muses on the portrait of his dead mother and the remnant of the laurel wreath and the busts of great poets, the door opens. This remarkable incident is thus described:—

"Then the door slowly opened, as a thief
Approaching tiptoe and unseen, till ceased
The motion, narrowed to the breadth exact
For apparition of the human form
That broke upon the poet's solitude."

A stranger enters, whose description, faulty as it is, is still in part realistic and forms the exception we have referred to.

"Gesture of courtesy and welcome given,
The one unknown paced slowly to the chair,
Or rather glided, footstep's sound unheard.
He was a man of exiguities.
The huge arm-chair half buried his frail form
Within its cushioned depths; his small head rose
Like a cribbed cell, too narrow for the range
Of healthful faculty. His body was
The visible product of a clayey soil;
The muddiness of earth looked from his face.
In the discoloured tissue of the blood
Was circulation traced inert, where nought
Of wholesome freshness could ingenerate.
His aqueous eyes of a pale sickly blue,
Opening their casements, showed the light within
Of intellect obscured, striving to grasp
With the blind feelers of contracted thought
The palpable receding from its hold.
The mouth was veiled by a short mane of beard."

This "man of exiguities" is the critic. Poet and critic eye each other in silence for a time, poet feeling that critic has no right to be seated in his august presence, and at last with "complacent pride" laying his works before the Minos of the hour. The latter is ill at ease, moves restlessly, and would be glad to get away. He does not understand "phrase curt or grandiose," nor "the poet's love of his ideas;" his darkness comprehends not the poet's light. With thin voice the Minos gives his judgment; talks a good deal of nonsense about poetry not being appreciated and criticism not revered; and advising the poet to write a three-volume novel, wishes him "good night." Festival at the hall and renewed contest between the poets, in which Astrophel wins the crown of laurel and with it the hand of Cornelia; and the poem closes. We have not space to point out more than two or three of the numerous strange and erroneous expressions which are scattered throughout. At page 7 we find this line,—

"The pallor of a long endurance borne."

On the next page—

"The imaginative vision came whose home
Dwells in the soul of woman."

A similar phrase occurs at page 18: "where lurk dens darkened by crime." Others, taken at random, are—"self-respect trod by them;" "the thirst and mirage unallayed;" "responding not the enigma;" "nourished from tendency of hands unseen;" "its stamp of rest profound absorbed her." As a fair specimen of the better passages of the poem we quote the opening of Part X:—

"Sublimest heroism emanates
Alone from virtue, all else fitful is,
Passionate impulse triumphing in things
Sensual, the unenduring and forgot.
The brightest gem that dazzles in her crown
Is perseverance. To endure is great,
Silent in suffering, feeling the award
Of its own self-respect; but to prevail
Against the pettiness of life; to feel
The daily drop of disappointment fall
Until it petrifies the heart it chilled;
To watch clouds gather round the sun of hope
Till light is darkness felt; to mark the hair
Blanch, from the dried-up tears of grief repressed;
To feel the throbbings of the heart beneath
Dust cast on it of dull forgetfulness,
Which is oblivion; still to persevere
Is the sublimity of virtue reached,
The crown of life attained; the panoply
Self-forged, that gains the undying wreath of fame
Won from the innate prescience of the soul."

The shorter poems are more readable and more musical than the long one. Among them we like best those which deal with the simplest themes in the most simple way—such as "The Dead Butterfly," "The Bird's Nest," "My School Playground," and some parts of "The Death of the Old Year." We can only quote the first stanza of "The Bird's Nest":—

"With a step as soft as dew
Shed o'er violets' eyelids, she
Stole with finger raised to me,
And an interdicting eye,
As if some fine mystery
She had looked on which she knew
Breath or movement might dispel;
Spirit-like she led the way
To a deep and tangled dell,
Where in precincts now forbidden
Lay the secret treasure hidden.
'Mid thick bows of softest grey,
Tints of an ethereal hue
I saw faintly glimmering through:
Then a nest of darker green,
Deep blue eggs within it seen,
Rich as sapphires they had been
Caved beneath the emerald sea!"

The verses on Goethe, while far enough from containing anything like an adequate theory of that wonderful and even mysterious man, and being almost purely depreciative in their tone, do yet give expression to some one-sided truth respecting him which his admirers must not refuse to see. His coldness and want of sympathy are thus touched upon:—

"He watched the flowing tears, and weighed
The salt within them as they fell,
He heard the sobbings that forbade
The heart its agonies to tell;
Each look and gesture conned, with eyes
Considerate, the pen he took
And noted down the outward guise
Of passions in his lifeless book."

• • • • •
He told the truths that in him dwelt;
The song of art, staid, calm, and pure,
The quickening flame within unfelt
Which gives the throbbings that endure;
Life passed, her secrets unconfessed,
Her mightiest chords by him untried;
He wore a star upon his breast,
And painted shadows till he died."

CROWE'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.*

MR. CROWE is making steady progress in his laborious undertaking. The first volume of his "History of France" appeared in 1858, the second about two years later, and the third is now before us. It was at first announced to be completed in four volumes, but it has been found necessary, notwithstanding the resolute brevity and reserve of the author, and without any change of plan or variation of scale in the construction of the history, to admit of its extension through a fifth volume. The third brings us down only to the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., the year 1679, and it is difficult to see how the period of a century and three-quarters which remains to be treated, crowded as it is with important and memorable events, the records and sources of information becoming the while more and more voluminous, can possibly be compressed into two volumes even as portly as this.

That portion of the history which is comprised in the volume we have now to notice commences with the accession of Francis II. in 1559, and embraces the reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., Louis XIII., and part of the reign of Louis XIV. It forms, as Mr. Crowe justly says, the most prominent and stirring portion of French history anterior to the Revolution; and he has fortunately had access to various MSS. collections which have yielded much new and interesting information. Among these, besides the mass of diplomatic and other documents stored up in our State Paper Office, he has made use of the MS. "Life of Nicholas Pithou," in the Bibliothèque Impériale, some Simancas papers preserved in the French archives, the "Manuscripts de Mesmes" in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and the huge MSS. collections of the same and other Paris libraries: these last forming, says the author, an ocean, into which he professes to have only occasionally dived.

The one great theme of the volume, as it was the one grand phenomenon of the period delineated, is the struggle between absolutism in politics and religion and popular independence in both. The great Reformation and the first glory of it were past. The followers of Luther and Calvin were very numerous in France, numerous enough at once to excite alarm on the part of the Romish Church, and rouse its friends to put forth all their strength against the Reformers, and also to inspire lay judges with some reluctance to condemn them. It was yet an open question whether France should as a nation heartily accept the Reformed faith, and unite herself with the nations of Northern Europe both in religious

* The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. In five volumes. Vol. III. Longman.

belief and political action, or whether she would still hold by the past, and be at one with Spain and Italy, her despotic neighbours in the south. Powerful minds were ranged on both sides in the controversy, and worldly ambition and selfish greed mixed themselves up more and more as time went on with the new longing for religious truth and ecclesiastical freedom. It was not long before the controversy ripened into civil war. And here we may follow the course of the conflict, and see through how many fluctuations, at what cost of toil and blood and treasure, by what unscrupulous acts of treachery and cruelty and bribery the principle of despotism in Church and State became supreme, and France at last found herself prostrate and helpless beneath the policy of her kings.

The great leaders of the Church party were the Queen-mother Catherine of Medicis and the Guise brothers—Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, and Francis, Duke of Guise. The King, Francis II., was the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, the niece of the Guises. It is a remarkable circumstance, to which Mr. Crowe gives due prominence, that Catherine for some time leaned to Protestantism, and was the advocate of a policy of moderation. But she had no higher motive in so doing than expediency. "Her sole thought, her exclusive ambition, was to reign; and religious considerations were thus with her altogether subservient to political ones." She thought Protestantism was likely to get the upper hand, and she would rather be on the winning side. The leaders of the Protestant party were the King of Navarre, his brother the Prince of Condé, and the Admiral Coligny. Coligny was a man of a noble temper, brave, truthful, pure in life, far-seeing, and, above all, unselfish. He, too, counselled moderation on the part of the Government, and even doubted the righteousness of drawing the sword in defence of religion. It is curious to see the coincidence of practical views between characters so diverse and contrasted as Catherine and Coligny. She with her cold Italian policy admired and took counsel with him. It was the same desire for conciliation which led her to appoint the wise and moderate De l'Hôpital to the chancellorship.

Charles IX. came to the throne at the age of eleven, and thenceforth the supreme power was in the hands of Catherine, his mother. The grand struggle went on, and reached its awful climax in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Catherine was no longer a counsellor of moderation. She joined with Spanish agents, ruffian soldiers, and counsellors, in pressing Charles to the perpetration of this hugest and most hideous of state crimes. "Since you will have the life of the admiral, take it," exclaimed the young king, compelled almost by relentless advisers to take the life of Coligny; "but at the same time you must slay all the Huguenots of France, so that not one may survive to reproach me." And before daylight on Sunday, the 24th August, 1572, the bell of St. Germain tolled the signal, and the diabolical work began. Some readers will probably feel something like disappointment in the brevity of Mr. Crowe's account of this massacre. They may wish that more prominence had been given to it, and more vehemence of denunciation indulged in respecting it. It must be recollected that on the broad field of general history particular events, even though they be Sicilian Vespers, massacres of St. Bartholomew, or September massacres, are comparatively small, and occupy a much smaller space in reality than they do in our imaginations. In reality, and in history, which should be its representation, the greatest events stand closely surrounded by others almost as great, while in our imaginations they stand alone. The effect is the same as if the highest peaks of Alps or Andes were removed to the midst of African sand-levels, instead of rising as they do among other peaks, and in a maze of mountain masses and chains spread round in all directions. Another circumstance to be noted is, that in reading the history we are to a certain extent prepared for this terrible crime by previous ones of the same kind on a smaller scale; so that, although the horror of the case is rather deepened than diminished thereby, our capacity for being impressed by it is somewhat lessened. It was the massacre of Vassy which gave the signal for the civil war. We are sure that no thoughtful reader will fail to see that Mr. Crowe, while abstaining from declamation, is not wanting in just and earnest feeling with respect to this or any other great wrong which he has to record. How the tidings of the Bartholomew massacre were received in South Europe he thus relates:—

"Spain and Italy were in adoration and jubilee, Philip II. in ecstasies. Charles IX. appeared to him the greatest of monarchs. At Rome, where his conduct was announced by the Cardinal of Lorraine to be the result of the longest premeditation and the deepest deceit, the news was welcomed as a glorious victory. A *Te Deum* was sung as well as a Mass of Thanks, and the cannon of St. Angelo was fired in honour of the deed. Gregory ordered a medal to be struck in its commemoration, with his own head on one side, and the exterminating angel on the other; whilst a picture representing the massacre, ordered of Vasari, was suspended in the Sistine chapel."

The health of Charles failed. From the night of St. Bartholomew he was "subject to sudden awakenings, followed by groans and sufferings," and in less than two years after he died. The two Guises, cardinal and duke, were both murdered by Henry III. at the close of 1588, and the queen-mother died very soon afterwards. "Thus," says the historian, "did the chief actors of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew perish by each other's hands." It is hardly possible not to recognize herein the just judgment of the Highest.

One unforeseen result of the massacre was the formation of a third party consisting of the moderate Catholics who would rather make terms with the Huguenots than slaughter them. They were called the "Politiques," and had the Montmorenci family among

their chief supporters. This increased the difficulties of the Government, but all hope of concord was soon lost. During the reign of the indolent and licentious Henry III. the Protestant King of Navarre became head of the Huguenots; the famous League was formed; treaty after treaty was signed only to be broken; and at last when Paris, the head-quarters of the League, seemed on the point of being taken by the Royalists, Henry was assassinated by Jacques Clement. The hopes which would naturally grow up at the accession of a Huguenot king, Henry IV., soon faded; for in order to secure recognition by the Catholic nobles, he held out to them the prospect of his conversion. In four years he made his abjuration of Protestantism, and all that the Huguenots obtained from their former leader and hero was a miserable "Edict of Nantes." How far short in reality this famous Act of Toleration fell of the settlement which was wanted it may surprise some readers to learn. After giving a summary of its provisions, Mr. Crowe remarks that it "has more the appearance of the capitulations which the Sultan of Turkey was in the habit of granting to his semi-subject provinces, than of peace and accord between two Christian sects." It established not peace, but merely an armed truce between the two parties; and being incompatible with absolute monarchy, which, through all changes, was securely rooting itself in France, could not fail to be revoked by Richelieu or Louis XIV.

The failure of the Reformation in France, unquestionably one of the most momentous facts in its history, and fruitful of bitter consequences, is more easily recognized than explained. While we give the first place among its causes to the unscrupulousness and persistency of the dominant power in persecution, and the next perhaps to the religious indifference, immoral character, selfish ambition, and miserable dissensions of the Protestant leaders—Coligny, of course, excepted,—we must not omit to consider also the want of enlightenment and earnestness on the part of the middle and lower classes of the people. On this point Mr. Crowe remarks:—

"They never raised their thoughts to war and resistance on their own account, nor to organization after their own fashion; they trusted to princes to lead, to German or Swiss infantry to fight for them. In fact they wanted, what the middle class in France has always wanted—the perspicacity, energy, skill, and courage to divine and maintain their true interests and carry their cause through triumphantly."

"Even the great and gallant Coligny, it has been before observed, was not the leader to accomplish this. He had the purity and sincerity requisite for a religious chief, but he was a noble with small sympathy for the middle or the lower class, over which he gained no influence and exercised no control. Henry of Navarre was even still more unfit and unequal to the part, for which indeed his rank as a prince totally incapacitated him. To Coligny's want of sympathy with it the vulgar Henry joined that religious indifference which was gaining fast upon the age and upon its eminent men, and which is the usual consequence of religious enthusiasm without solidity, and fanatic efforts without policy or without aim. Henry IV. came to bury the religious struggle, not continue it."

Other subjects included in this volume we are compelled to leave untouched; there are the regency of Mary of Medicis, the administration of Cardinal Richelieu under Louis XIII., the regency of Anne of Austria, the administration of Cardinal Mazarin, the peace of Westphalia, the war of the Fronde, the military achievements of Condé and Turenne, and the administration of Colbert and the war with the Dutch.

Mr. Crowe's "History of France" has not the irresistible charm which genius imparts to its creations: it has not even the liveliness which the pen of a partisan is almost sure to give. There is no brilliant scene-painting; there are no passages of profound philosophic reflection or of startling poetic beauty, such as force us to linger over them and return to them again and again till they fix themselves in the memory for perennial enjoyment. The merit of the book is narration in the clearest manliest way of the course of events, sufficient acquaintance with which has been obtained by years of conscientious research and reflection. It is assuredly a valuable and seasonable contribution to English historical literature, and as we are happy to congratulate the author on having thus far advanced in the task which he has set himself, so we heartily hope that he may live worthily to complete it.

HUGH MILLER'S TALES AND SKETCHES.*

A POSTHUMOUS volume from the author of the "Old Red Sandstone" and "The Testimony of the Rocks" needs no introduction to the public, though his attempted conciliations of Geology and Genesis have long since been swept away by the advancing tide of science, and survive chiefly as records of his deep conviction that the word and works of God can never contradict each other, and as warnings to future writers against the hasty construction of harmonies which in a few years may become anachronisms. This is not the first volume of tales which we owe to the same pen, but it is impossible to dispute the correctness of the editor's verdict, when she observes, in her preface, that "the faculties of plot and drama were among the weakest, instead of the strongest of his powers." The absence of such powers is, perhaps, least conspicuous in the story of "Bill Whyte," but the writer always suffers it to

* Tales and Sketches. By Hugh Miller. Edited, with a Preface, by Mrs. Miller. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1863.

be rather too obtrusively evident that his aim is more to point a moral than to adorn a tale. We are not, however, at all disposed to quarrel with a volume which gives us a farther insight into Hugh Miller's estimate of men and things in his own country, where his judgments cannot fail to be interesting, more especially as the two first tales deal with his "Recollections" of two of the greatest men that country has ever produced, Ferguson, the Chatterton of Scotland, and Burns, by universal consent, the first of her poets. Two more are so completely founded on fact, as to be almost withdrawn, as tales, from the jurisdiction of criticisms. "The Young Surgeon" is a touching record of the conversion of a medical officer, of keen sensibility and refined intellect, who had been betrayed by the morbid idiosyncrasy which frequently accompanies a highly imaginative temperament into profligate self-indulgence, and is ultimately reclaimed through the gentle and judicious kindness of a lady who has the discernment to "trace the lineaments of original beauty and power in a broken and ruined character." "The Life of Mr. Forsyth," a Scotch merchant of the eighteenth century, gives a pleasing sketch of a thoroughly upright and benevolent man, who seems to have done much good in his generation, and contains some valuable incidental notices of Scotch habits and opinions during the period, but the story cannot be acquitted from the charge of being both inconsecutive and dull. The author writes as a *laudator temporis acti*, and regrets, among other things, the disuse of the "manly exercise of golf" among Scottish gentlemen. Is not the complaint a little premature? The "links" or golfing-ground of St. Andrews is still famous, and by no means stands alone, we believe, in its attractions for the "raw-boned lads" who throng the Scotch universities. Of another tale, "The Lykewake," we shall have to speak presently. Three are reprinted in this volume by an accidental error, having already appeared in a former work of the author's.

It will be evident from what we have said that the main interest of the book lies, not in the stories themselves so much as in the facts and opinions of which they are made the vehicle, and viewed in this aspect its interest is considerable. Hugh Miller was a man of high character, strong common sense, and very decided convictions moral and religious, which made him universally respected in his own country and give a certain weight to his judgment on persons or institutions that fell under his own experience. The tale of Ferguson's brief and friendless career, till he dies at the age of twenty-four in the rude stone cell of a lunatic asylum, cheered with brighter hopes than had ever shone round his earthly path, is delicately told. He was one of those choice spirits whose keen but overwrought faculties were little fitted to cope with the realities of this work-day world, and for whom, when the inner fire has worn out the feeble frame, the bitterness of death is indeed already past. But it is little to the credit of his contemporaries, and eminently to the discredit of his relatives, of whom some were wealthy, that they allowed the light of his genius to be so hopelessly and so early quenched in suffering, madness, and death. The personal traits of the ill-fated poet supplied by his friends are such as to rouse our warm sympathy and lead us to believe that, even where his conduct was not irreproachable, he was a man more sinned against than sinning.

A still more painful interest attaches to the memory of Burns, one of the selected heroes of Carlyle's cosmopolite pantheon, the subject of an enthusiastic centenary ovation at the Crystal Palace three years ago, the greatest of Scotch and one of the greatest of British poets, but one whose life and writings are deeply stained with errors which there may be much in circumstances to explain, possibly to palliate, but which it would be culpable weakness to justify or to condone. That the author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "The Banks and Braes of Bonny Doun" should have lowered himself to the grossness for which Burns has attained an unhappy notoriety is an humiliating thought, and most gladly do we hail every indication that can be gleaned from the recollections of those who knew him best of the nobler and truer characteristics of that "Heaven-taught ploughman of Ayrshire." Much, indeed, there was about him noble and great, nor can we venture to decide how much of the bitter irreligion and lax morality which darkened his career and warped his brilliant genius was due to his conflict with that contemptuous and fanatical Puritanism which has done so much in Scotland to make both morality and religion unpopular. In his youth, at least, like Raphael, he was moral; and, if we may accept the testimony of his friendly biographer, pious. The picture given here of his early home, and his father, the "patriarchal-looking old man, with a countenance the most expressive I have almost ever seen," is extremely interesting, but much too long for quotation. We must find room, however, for the author's description of his personal appearance when he first met him, as yet a nameless peasant youth.

"He wore a broad Lowland bonnet, and his plain homely suit of coarse russet seemed to bespeak him a peasant of perhaps the poorest class; but as he emerged from the gloom, and the red light fell full on his countenance, I saw an indescribable something in the expression that in an instant awakened my curiosity. He was rather above the middle size, of a frame the most muscular and compact I have almost ever seen; and there was a blended mixture of elasticity and firmness in his tread, that, to one accustomed, as I have been, to estimate the physical capabilities of men, gave evidence of a union of immense personal strength, with great activity. My first idea regarding the stranger, and I know not how it should have struck me, was that of a very powerful frame, animated by a double portion of vitality. The red light shone full on his face, and gave a ruddy tinge to the complexion which I afterwards found it wanted, for he was

naturally of a darker hue than common; but there was no mistaking the expression of the large flashing eyes, the features, that seemed so thoroughly cast in the mould of thought, and the broad, full, perpendicular forehead" (pp. 56, 57).

For further traits of the great poet, both in his earlier and his later days, we must refer our readers to the narrative itself, which they will find will fully repay a perusal.

Both here and in other portions of the volume, especially in the concluding story of Mr. Forsyth's life, the author's view of ecclesiastical matters in Scotland is prominently brought forward. We have spoken already of the mischievous effects of Puritan intolerance on the character of Burns, who certainly shared to the full Charles II.'s opinion that Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman. Hugh Miller experienced something of that intolerance himself, for principles which, on this side the Tweed, had long been accepted (except by the *Record*) as scientific conclusions, were still, in the more rigid orthodoxy of the north, regarded as unscriptural and profane; nor did even his well established religious character save him from an ignorant outcry. But he is none the less determined not to let us forget that, if the Church of his birth and his affections has its darker, it has also its brighter side; and he is right. That Scottish Church has still much in the memories of its past, something perhaps in its present decrepitude and disruption, to challenge affection and command respect. A very unprejudiced witness, Mr. Congreve, the high priest of the Secularist religion in this country, has lately in two remarkable lectures on Queen Elizabeth, delivered at Edinburgh, declared his preference for the Scotch over the English Establishment, as a spiritual body, because, from its greater independence of State control, it has in some measure been able to fulfil that noblest function of the mediæval Church, from which Anglicanism has always instinctively shrunk, to speak unwelcome truths to kings and potentates, and interpose its awful sanction to stay the strong arm of the oppressor and bid the oppressed go free. If the Church of Scotland has bitterly persecuted, it is fair to remember that it has also bitterly suffered; and that not many years ago some half of its ministers risked their earthly all rather than sacrifice what, however trivial it may appear to us, was to them a point of conscience. Similarly the *perfidium Scotorum ingenium* has been but too often the fruitful source of bigotry, folly, and injustice, but it has also helped to mould, under happier auspices, a freshness of character and warmth of heart not often to be met with elsewhere.

One observation which the author makes on the altered condition of his own country has a wider scope than he appears to be altogether aware of:—

"There is a total change in the sources of popular intelligence. The press has supplanted the Church; the newspaper and magazine occupy the place once occupied by the Bible and the Confession of Faith. Formerly, when there were comparatively few books and no periodicals in this part of the country, there was but one way in which a man could learn to think. His mind became the subject of some serious impression, he applied to his Bible and the standards of the Church; and in the contemplation of the most important of all concerns, his newly-awakened faculties received their first exercise" (pp. 358, 359).

These words do not describe a phenomenon peculiar to Scotland, but may be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the general condition of modern Europe. In any society not absolutely barbarous, the supreme influence must be one of moral, not physical force. This influence in the Middle Ages was exercised exclusively by the Catholic Church; in Scotland, till a very recent period, it was chiefly monopolized by the Presbyterian Church, and her use of it has been severely discussed by Mr. Buckle. It is a pregnant remark of Professor Rosther of Leipsic, in his new work on the "History of Political Economy in Germany during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," that "in the Middle Ages the influence of the Church supplied the office which is now filled by public opinion." Such a change follows inevitably on an advanced civilization and the wider diffusion of knowledge. Public opinion becomes the recognized court of appeal in moral and social questions for the great body of the educated, and it is only by helping to form or to control that opinion that the Church can act upon them. In Scotland, partly from its isolated position, partly from the rigid and exclusive character of the dominant Calvinist creed, this change has come later than elsewhere, but that is the only difference.

We have reserved for final notice the story of the "Lykewake," for the introduction of which the editor seems to think a special apology is needed, as containing a "sort of literature of superstition," excusable, she hopes, at least for the sake of showing how much more enlightened are our own days than those of our fathers, though she ventures also doubtfully to hint at the possibility of her readers "feeling that the human mind is a harp of many strings, and none the worse for having the music of even its minor chords touched at times by a skilful hand." Her second explanation is quite sufficient to supersede, if not to exclude, the first. It may be natural enough to shudder at Scotch superstitions, when we remember how long witch-burning continued to be a national disgrace of that country; but it can never be inopportune to put on record what forms an integral part of the history of the human mind. Our only complaint of the stories of second sight told by the company at the "Lykewake," or funeral meeting, is, that they are not fuller and more exhaustive. A belief which has existed for centuries so strong in influence over minds of all classes in Scotland,

and which still, we suppose, survives in many parts of the Highlands, must be something more than a more superstitious fancy. Sir Walter Scott, though he wrote a book on the subject, hesitated to commit himself to any definite opinion. We should really have been glad to see the subject discussed by the present author, who was at once a firm believer in Christianity, a man of vigorous judgment, and a thorough Scotchman. But there is no such discussion to be found here. Several stories are told, apparently in perfect good faith, by the various members of the midnight assemblage, though most of them agree that the gift of second sight is dying out, even in the Highlands. Of the author's own opinion, except that he tells one or two stories in his own name, no intimation is given. We certainly do not purpose entering here on the question he has so pointedly declined. But we may be permitted to repeat the expression of our desire to see it handled by some competent critic, aware that mere seeming scepticism is not less stupid than mere credulous belief.

On the whole we can decidedly recommend this little book, as containing much interesting matter, though not exactly of the kind which its title might suggest. Those who take it up in the hope of finding an amusing story will probably be disappointed; those who wish to hear something of Hugh Miller, his country, and his friends, will not seek in vain.

CHESTERFORD.*

In reading the first volume of "Chesterford," we were inclined to think that there is a great deal in the opinion as to the character of books being sometimes inspired by the localities in which they are written, and that this particular work was composed on the Bedford Level. Anything like the dull expanse of platitudes extending through nearly three hundred of its pages, we have never before encountered. Not until the conclusion of the first volume do we arrive at our first incident. All before that is a desert of small-talk. The authoress (for it would be affectation to express any doubt as to the sex of the anonymous writer) is surely the most indefatigable recorder of small-talk that ever held pen. What Mrs. Thompson said to Mrs. Chamberlayne, and Mrs. Chamberlayne to Mrs. Thompson—how Mrs. Chamberlayne's petted and spoiled little boy gave himself airs and lisped broken English—how Miss Thompson coquetted and Miss Lyndon teased—how Mrs. Forbes gave a tea-party, and Mr. Peacock, the village grocer, quarrelled with his customers—these and other little matters of the like kind are detailed in a limp and sometimes not very correct style, and, as it were, in a sort of confidential whisper, with divers little parenthetical "asides" of moralising. Had we not been blessed with a patient disposition, chastened by some experience in such matters, we should have flung the book to the other end of the room before we reached page 200. In these days of tragic human interest to all who will concern themselves in what is passing around—with Poland in the agony of a death-struggle for national existence, America torn and mangled with intestine strife, and Europe trembling on the brink of war—it is rather trying to the temper to be forced to wade through page after page of colloquial frivolities, reported, it is true, with great exactness and ease, but possessing no more interest than a very correct photograph of a whitewashed wall. However, we went on, and found that the writer was capable of much better things. We believe that novelists generally find a difficulty in bringing their characters "into position." Some do it better than others; but the authoress of "Chesterford" is not among the more fortunate. She takes a whole volume to get her team well in hand, if we may employ such a metaphor in the case of a lady. But, having done so, she goes to work with something like heart and ability. The story she has to tell is very slight; she never entirely gets rid of her weakness for unnecessary talk; her book would have been at least three-fold better if compressed within a single volume; yet, with all these faults, she has contrived to interest us in some of her characters, and she evinces in several places considerable knowledge of the complexities of human thought and feeling. Her descriptions of scenery are occasionally very good, and the tone of her mind is invariably pure, tender, and lofty. She sometimes writes so well that we wish she would do herself more justice at all times; but this, we suppose, will come with practice. In the meanwhile, we must be grateful for what we have.

"Chesterford" is the name of a pretty little old village in the west of England, where most of the events of the story take place. Here resides Katharine Lyndon, the heroine of the tale. Mr. John Parkholm, a young London lawyer, and a woman-hater, makes her acquaintance while staying in the neighbourhood, and falls in love with her—of course. Katherine has a cousin Harriet, who endeavours to secure John for herself, and, while failing in this, very nearly succeeds in estranging the true lovers. The characters of John Parkholm and Katherine Lyndon are very well conceived and developed. The one, though possessed of the noblest disposition, is somewhat reserved in his manners; the other, while warm and true and affectionate at heart, has a mixture of shyness and capriciousness in her ways which at times perplexes and misleads her lover: so that from imperfect understanding of one another, to say nothing of Harriet's intrigues, they are pretty near suffering shipwreck. All goes well, however, in the end, and the story closes with the due amount of nuptial bliss. This is the

* Chesterford, and Some of its People. By the Author of "A Bad Beginning." In three vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

main thread of the narrative; but many characters are hung on to that thread. Polly Peacock, the pretty daughter of the village grocer—a self-willed, wayward, coquettish girl, sobered down by the tragical death of her lover, who falls over the edge of a quarry—is a capital sketch, or rather a complete portrait; but her father is a mere caricature. Mr. Severn Sparks is simply a bore, and so are a good many of the worthies of the old village. The vapid inanities of Mrs. Chamberlayne in the earlier chapters did not lead us to expect much from her; but the authoress has given to the conception a good deal of pathetic reality in the third volume. The lady has had a first love in her younger days, whom she has jilted from worldly considerations. On subsequently marrying her present husband, she finds that she cannot respond to his tenderness with all her heart, and he gradually becomes cold in his manner to her. One evening at the theatre, she sees John Parkholm, who is the brother of her sometime lover, now dead of a broken heart; and she is greatly agitated at the likeness. Events subsequently bring them together; her agitation is renewed; her husband naturally demands an explanation, and then the truth comes out. But the atmosphere is cleared by the storm, and you see that husband and wife will be all the happier in future for the tearing away of that cloud which has so long hung between them. The scene is very truthful and touching, and the writer, we conceive, has depicted one of the most frequent causes of the failure of married happiness.

Condense, prune, revise, and avoid small-talk: that is our parting advice to the authoress of "Chesterford."

"EUCLID'S PLANE GEOMETRY," Book I., by Henry Green, M.A. (London: Simpkin; Heywood, Manchester, 1863). This part consists of the Geometry of Plane Triangles founded on Simson's text, with short but very good explanatory notes, showing the practical uses of the proposition.

THE new edition of Rook's "Profit and Discount Tables," by Mr. William Dixon (London: Tegg, 1863) is very full and complete, and well adapted for its particular purpose. The appendix of foreign weights, moneys, measures, and other subsidiary matters, is very useful.

LAMBERT'S "Handbook to Tynemouth and the Blythe and Tyne Railway" is one of the handiest and best guide-books we have anywhere seen. It is embellished with two excellent maps and many views and woodcuts. The information is concise and correct and exactly what a visitor wants. The old priory on Tynemouth Cliff is in itself worth a pilgrimage to see, and owes its foundation to Edwin, one of the earliest Saxon kings of Northumbria, although the oldest portions now seen in the ruins are probably portions of the Norman buildings of the eleventh century. North Shields, Cullercoats, Jarrow, Marsden Rock, Blythe, and other places around are treated in the same concise yet satisfactory manner.

SCIENCE.

THE SANITARY STATE OF OUR WATERING-PLACES— TYNEMOUTH.

TYNEMOUTH, the watering-place of the great coal region of Northumberland, is deluged by no such torrents of excursionists as the London railways pour upon Brighton, Dover, Harwich, and the Isle of Wight; but a century ago it was "a place of great resort in the bathing season," and the inhabitants still derive their chief prosperity from this source. The town stands on the lofty promontory of the north bank of the Tyne; and ships and steamers constantly pass up that dingy river to steam and smoke-begrimed Newcastle—the great coal-mart of the world. But the freshest waves of the German ocean lash the great ruddy rocks of its seaward shore, and the freshest of breezes blow back far away from its heights the pollutions of air, denser than London skies display, that arise from mines, glass factories, ship-yards, and chemical works. Tynemouth is a place for a week or a month, scarcely for a day. It is a place for rest and temporary residence. It possesses one of the earliest and finest of our ancient monasteries, dating back in its foundation to the stirring times of the Saxon Christian kings, and has been the scene of many a conflict with Scot and Dane. The noble ruins, ruddy and beautiful, glow in the evening sun, and stand on the boldest of stone-built cliffs. On the right we look down into a placid nook, once the "Prior's Haven," where the monks of old trafficked with the Newcastle trade; on the left, down into "Gingler's Hole," and the "Short Sand,"—an ocean dell or gorge that nature formed with exquisite loveliness, but which living man has horribly disfigured. Picture a wonderful and exquisite monastic ruin of red sandstone carved with Norman chasings bounding solid round arches and massive pillars, springing from which, in later times, narrow pointed early English windows rose high in the air, and still above which peer desolated turret and pinnacle, built on foundations laid a hundred and fifty feet above the sea on dense masses of yellow and tawny limestone, that jut in thick beds like layers of Titanic masonry in warm and glowing hues from out amongst the verdant veil of rank grass and scraggy bushes that time has thrown over the massive form of the stalwart cliff! Rough and rugged sea-weed covered rocks line the sides of this little bay and border a middle floor of the finest sand, over which the green sea water ripples. Such nature left it.

Around the sacred ruins ugly piles of soldiers' barracks rise unsightly, and Armstrong guns peep through massive loopholes out to sea; the Chapel of the Virgin has been restored, not for holy worship—as it well might have been on such a spot whose very form and attitude inspire thoughts of reliance on “the Rock of Ages”—the great Eternal—whose “wonders of the deep” would fall upon the eye even while the psalm of thanksgiving was vibrating on the ear of the worshipper—but for paltry burial fees. This smallest bit of the church where St. Oswin's bones were enshrined has been converted into a burial-service chapel, and decaying corpses are brought to pave the floor of a castle-yard where a garrison of soldiers reside; while from half a dozen holes around the castle cliff unsightly ordure-pipes convey their filthy contents to the algae-covered rock, beneath where children seek for limpets and shell-fish. On the cliff where the main road passes along resides Mr. Ralph Pigg, grocer, and the proprietor of “The Gibraltar Rock;” a few paces beyond Mr. Loblely has a photographic rook's nest, and Mr. Todd offers “accommodation for two hundred at a sitting”—not in photographic portraiture, but refreshments. From Todd's or Lupton's the visitor overlooks the seaside dell and the blue ocean; and pleasant, indeed, would a seat near Lupton's windows or on Todd's balcony be if the former were not crossed by a slimy footpath, paved with incoherent stones, as loose and scattered as the teeth in an old woman's jaws, and were we quite sure that the rotting balcony of the latter would not precipitate the “two hundred” it accommodates into the pig-styes below. From the backs of houses all around, mounds of dirt, of which ashes, slops, and cabbage leaves are the purest ingredients, besmear the face of the cliff, and slowly rot and roll down on the sands beneath, where two dilapidated puncheons on red wheels, mouldering and fenny, do duty for bathing machines.

The “Short Sand” is not, however, the principal bathing-place of Tynemouth, for although the fresh sea seems too pure and healthy to suffer from all the pollution that those who find accommodation on the heights above for pleasure parties must think too attractive to remove, stagnant mildewiness and slippery earth bars the access to this well-termed “hole,” and Cullercoats and Tynemouth share the “Long Sands” between them. Here are green-painted bathing-machines by the score, and donkeys by the hundred. Shellness—a lofty rocky point, with a broad fringe of rugged rocks, effectually separates, on the north, Gingle's Hole from the “Long Sands;” and straight away, for six or seven miles, we look along a yellow shore, as smooth and as flat as holiday-keeping man, woman, or child, could desire to disport upon. The sea, too, is transparent, pure, and wholesome, but the engineer has done his best to spoil it. An ugly eighteen-inch pipe makes its great black streak across the shore, and town drainage and sea-bathing would be as usual associated together, if old Neptune would only permit. Fortunately, here he will not, and the tides of ocean prevent what the ingenuity of man would have committed. The tidal streams, both in the ebb and flow, set clear of Cullercoats Bay, and unless the human bather prefers the drainage-pool at Shellness Point to the briny waves on Cullercoats sands, he may plunge into the water with no fear of emerging with an oily skin. As the Tyne brings down the sewerage and waste of every place along its banks, from Newcastle to the exit of the river in the sea, why Tynemouth should not have added a few thousand gallons more to the general stream, is an engineering problem we shall not attempt to solve. But if even the pillory stood yet where Mr. Scott's pretty drinking fountain now stands, and Tostin himself held rule in Tynemouth, it would not prevent our asking why the Castle Bay should be a muck-hole, or why sewer-outfalls and bathing should so commonly go together. Mr. Lambert's Guide-book tells us to-day that the little watering-place of Tynemouth is year by year assuming more the character and proportions of a fashionable town; that from a single street, flanked by a couple of narrow lanes, it has risen to boast of handsome terraces, picturesque villas, and wide, open thoroughfares; that every summer hundreds of strangers come from all parts to seek health, change, or pleasure; and that from May to October beauty and fashion in the street, on the cliffs, and along the sands, indicate the increasing popularity of the village. And truly Tynemouth has many charms; and the fine promenade along the long stone pier that is stretching out, for a mile or more, into the very ocean itself, will be some day as favourite a resort as the jetty at Margate or the Steyne at Brighton. But Tynemouth Priory would look all the prettier if there was less filth in “Gingle's Hole;” and the marine odour of the sea-breeze would be the healthier for not being tainted with the hydrogen emitted from rotting cabbage-stalks. A little improvement of the shore between the new slipway and the “Spanish battery,” at Freestone Point, would also be desirable; and if the sculptured stones of the old priory were left amongst the ruined walls from whence they came, it would be more congenial to the antiquary's feelings than seeing them built into the walls of gentlemen's mansions or piled into “flower-heaps” in the front-gardens of offices. Since Mr. Pepper has familiarized us with ghosts, an apparition could do no harm; and if the good St. Oswin would only appear again to claim his own, as he did eight hundred years ago, we might have in the birthplace region of the venerable Bede a church worthy of his preaching, and a sacred enclosure echoing with the footsteps of more devout pilgrims than ever worshipped at the shrine of the regal saint. As offensive to the moral sense is the desecration of this ancient pile, as the refuse that is cast about its ruins is to the nostrils.

THE CHARLESTON GREAT GUNS.

THERE is little doubt that our knowledge respecting the best kind of iron we should use for our guns, and the efficacy of the fire of various kinds of artillery, is, notwithstanding all we have done in the way of experiments, in a more empirical and unsatisfactory condition than is desirable. Four thousand yards are over two miles and a quarter, and yet the Federal cast-iron guns planted on Morris Island have knocked Fort Sumter to pieces—very much on a par with demolishing the Tower from Kennington-oval. It may be very true that Fort Sumter was an old-fashioned fort, but the stoutest of modern brickwork (and very questionably even granite) would not have stood the Federal 200 and 400-pounders, any more than the riddled fortress now in ruins. Our smaller rifled guns would doubtless have knocked it to pieces. In fact, nothing in the way of masonry or brickwork that we can build up, but guns can knock down. It is only a question of so much battering. If the surface do not resist the shot, sooner or later the face of the fort will give in. Between a shot striking a granite wall and pounding out an inch deep of material, and one striking a brick wall and pounding out ten inches, there is only a difference of time. The ultimate destruction is as certain, although it may take ten times as long, and ten times the material, to effect it. But it is no cause of alarm that big guns should knock masonry forts to pieces. We know what sand will do unaided, and it might be well to try what it will do if we help it a little. The positive destruction of masonry forts brings the mind naturally to the guns. Upon them the national intellect should first be fixed—they deal alike with fort and ship. It is useless to plead that as fast as we make thicker plates for defence our artillerists make guns to pierce them; it would be wrong to look hopelessly at such experiments and believe they may be continued *ad infinitum*. Just as surely as given the size of a ship we can calculate the extreme thickness of plating she will carry without sinking, so surely do we believe can be calculated the extent to which we can make big guns. There is a point at which iron must yield to the force of powder, no matter what its thickness—and we see no reason why the extent of the charge of powder we can use should not be theoretically worked out. The force we have after all to resist the exploding forces is molecular attraction, or the cohesion of the metallic particles together—and it would *a priori* seem that there must be a limit to this power. Water has little coherent power and dashes itself to pieces in foam upon our shores; lead, iron, brass rods are broken asunder, by the gravity of so many pounds' weight, by one natural force overcoming another—and so the elasticity of the atoms of every substance will give a yielding point for every internal cylinder, and every surface will sooner or later crack—once a crack established, no matter how fine a crack, and the destruction of the gun is fixed.

But the chief point of interest in the Charleston guns is the antagonism of their principles to those on which we have been constructing our own artillery. The Federal guns have been throwing heavy shot at low velocities upon Fort Sumter; the aim of the English Government has been to throw smaller shot at the highest possible velocity, if it have had any aim at all, and if the subserviency to this principle be not the result of mere accident. Many advantages would attend this high velocity principle if it be practicable, and many disadvantages. To fire at high velocities with light guns is practically to apply the heaviest firing charge to the smallest possible resistance of metal, and consequently to subject the gun to the greatest amount of wear and tear. The lighter the gun, the easier to move; the smaller the shot, the lighter to carry; the less weight of the guns, the more we can put on shipboard; we know all this, but iron has its limit of strength, and the real value of the two systems may be practically dependent on circumstances. Where heavy guns can be planted, as on Morris Island, and having got the range can effectually destroy, a question of economy may well come in. And if cast-iron guns, costing £100 a piece, will do as much work with 400-lb. shot, or 200-lb. bolts, at low velocities, and last as long as wrought-iron coil guns at £300, firing steel-pointed shot costing £25, the saving will be a considerable item where two or three thousand shot are fired at a single fort to reduce it. It is perfectly true that the power of a projectile being as the square of the weight multiplied by the velocity, a 40-lb. ball, travelling at a high rate, could be made to equal in striking-force a 400-lb. shot going at a lower rate, but the difference of work would have to be got out of the gun. With the high velocity the heaviest force of explosion would come upon the smallest amount of surface and the least thickness of metal, while the low velocity would have the advantage of a proportionately lower charge acting on a larger surface and greater bulk of metal. Moreover, it is perfectly certain that the bigger the shot the bigger the hole it would make, and the greater would be its own power of coherence. If we wanted to break a great rock we should employ a sledge-hammer, and not expend a violent effort of the arm upon a sixpenny toy to make up in quickness of blow for the absence of weight.

In considering the effects of the 440lb. shot upon the Confederate iron-clad we must remember that a covering built up of one inch iron plates has a resistance of only the square root of the resistance of our solid iron ships, and that therefore that of our 4½ inch plates would be four and a half times greater; consequently, to do the like amount of damage, the velocity of the shot must be vastly increased. The Americans have not yet made solid plates, and it becomes again therefore a question of guns and calculation. If our

lighter shot with high velocities will penetrate the plank-iron turret-boats, and their 400lb. guns cannot throw their bolts at low velocities through our broadside-ships, the lightest guns will evidently be the best on shipboard, provided they have equal strength of constitution. Unfortunately, our experiments on artillery do not enlighten us as we could wish. We have had experiments with guns of all sizes, sorts, and calibres, with all sorts of charges, while the practical standard that is wanted for theorizing—the firing of equal weights of shots with equal charges of powder from different kinds of guns, to show the numbers of rounds each weapon will stand—is wanting. And until we have scientific experiments, conducted upon regular and scientific principles, as courses towards eliciting certain practical ends, it will be better for the nation that both systems be encouraged and developed, and that our arsenals be provided with heavy as well as light guns; for, as every weapon is fitted to special purposes, so in warfare there will be use for high and low velocities, broadside-ships, and turret-ships. Variety of weapons will be better than weapons only of one class; in everyday life we require carts as well as carriages. The special data of the American weapons, on which accurate scientific conclusions alone could be founded, are not yet before us; but a nation at peace must necessarily work by theory, and by foresight provide the most effective tools for every possible emergency and condition in the rough usages of war.

THE architectural world will hear with regret of the death, at the early age of 43, of Mr. William Butler, an accomplished architectural draughtsman, and a man of singular integrity and amiability of disposition. Educated as an architect, and the pupil of an eminent man now living, the early part of his life was devoted to the practical pursuit of his profession; but of late years he had confined himself exclusively to the artistic portion, and occupied a similar position to that held by Gandy and the elder Allom at the commencement of the present century. A large proportion of the best architectural drawings produced during the last ten years were by his hand, and he also executed a great many beautiful lithographs of public buildings.

WHAT the "Greek fire" is which the Americans are now using against Charleston, is not known in this country. The ancient "Greek fire" was invented in the seventh century, when the Arabs besieged Constantinople in 668, by Callinicus of Heliopolis, who deserted from the Caliph to the Greeks. Its nature is unknown, although the Baron Cotta is said to have discovered a MS. in the library of Munich, containing a formula of its composition. It would almost seem to have been a kind of gunpowder, or to have had saltpetre for its basis, as sometimes it was fired, wrapped in flax on javelins, to set fire to buildings, and at other times for throwing stone balls from metallic tubes against the enemy. It was continued in use during the thirteenth century. The American missiles, probably, contain naphtha or rock-oil.

MR. H. A. NEWTON, of Yale College, draws an evidence of the cosmical origin of shooting stars, derived from the dates of early star-showers. The return of the August and other showers on fixed days of the year might possibly be due to meteorological changes; but if the magnetism, heat, electricity, and other properties of the atmosphere produce these annual phenomena, the period should evidently be the tropical year. On the other hand, if rings of these bodies revolving about the sun are met by the earth in April, August, November, &c., thus causing these showers, the cycle should be the sidereal year. The nodes of the rings move along the ecliptic, but at a rate different from the precession of the equinoxes. The dates of the earlier showers show quite clearly that the true period is not widely different from the sidereal year.

MR. BROWNING has introduced the decimal system in an anemometer constructed on Dr. Robinson's principle. It registers from one-tenth of a mile to a thousand miles without attention. The indices can be set to zero at pleasure, thus obviating the necessity of noting down previous readings.

DR. G. D. GIBB has shown that voluntary closure of the glottis, independently of the act of breathing, can be accomplished by temporarily holding the breath and voluntarily acting upon the muscles of the larynx and opening and shutting the glottis at pleasure. This action can be seen with the laryngoscope. Dr. Gibb has also made further observations upon the normal position of the epiglottis. In the examination of 680 healthy persons he had found eleven in every hundred possess a pendant epiglottis, being more or less oblique or transverse, and therefore covering up, to some extent, the opening of the larynx. This is so inconvenient in the event of disease of the throat that he recommends that every child should be examined.

A VERY good synopsis of the geology of Durham and part of Northumberland, by Messrs. Howse and Kirkby, was published by the Tyneside Naturalists Field Club, for the use of members of the British Association in their excursions during the late meeting.

WHAT the physical causes, internal or external, are that produce the magnetic system of our earth is yet an unresolved problem, and conceiving that the basis of this research might be found on the complete knowledge of the state of the system as also of the secular variation,—not only of a single epoch but also of the periodic variations, daily and annual,—Mr. Hansteen, of Christiania, with this view, has attempted to make a collection of all the published magnetic observations principally at such places where a series has been made during many years. Comparing those of the Royal Observatory of Brussels for thirty years, he finds that the annual variation of inclination is, since 1830, less at Christiania than at Brussels; but the declination is greater since 1845.

M. JULES REISET, from numerous experiments on the alimentation and fattening of cattle, made with the view to ascertain the economic conditions of the production of meat, comes to a conclusion against the rapid fattening of sheep, as not in accordance with the power of assimilation of the animals, and condemns, as unwonted and too burthensome, the use of grain or cake in the early stage of fattening. Before giving nitrogenous food—grain or cake—he considers it important to well "ballast" the beasts with an abundant nourishment, but of a cheap kind, such as beet, or pulp of beet with straw, whether for sheep or oxen, thus got into such a state that a small quantity of corn will suffice to complete the fattening. By following this method he has obtained good animals for the butcher, paying their keep and leaving a profit.

M. JANSSEN, like Dr. Gladstone, disputes the conclusions of M. Secchi as to the lines in the stellar spectra being due to aqueous vapour. The telluric rays are, he says, always visible in the spectro-scope, but their intensity depends on the height of the sun above the horizon, that is to say, on the thickness of the atmosphere traversed by his rays.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

EVERYTHING now so much depends upon the course of the money market, that the public will for the next two or three months be vigilantly watching every symptom of change that may from time to time be presented. Surrounded as the financial community have been through the past year by a number of doubtful contingencies, it is satisfactory to discover that the order of things has, with few exceptions, been comparatively steady, and that though variations have occurred in the rate of discount, they have not been of a character to create intense alarm, or produce a disturbance terminating in general disaster. The one great thing that has saved us is the harvest, and though at present it is not finally completed, sufficient progress has been made to leave no doubt of its general abundance and superior quality. Had the crops either here or on the Continent been unfavourably affected by the weather, and thus proved below an average, the consequences would have been most fatal; and instead of our seeing money at 4, we should in all probability have had the rate ruling at the enhanced point of 5 per cent.

The market price being now at the lower level would appear to indicate a healthy state of things, particularly as no pressure has ensued, notwithstanding that the number of companies organised has been enormous. This apparent soundness, if it in reality exists, must in a degree be attributed to the beneficial influence of the warnings which have been given to those engaged in these operations as to the responsibility thus incurred if they were carried too far. The check, therefore, every now and then interposed to the wild excitement which has occasionally threatened to overturn everything, has produced such "fear and trembling" among the arch-institigators of the movement, that they have themselves involuntarily paused lest the Franksteins of their own creation should destroy their prospects and resources. Having now, as it is hoped, struggled safely through the first phase of difficulty, if they can only be prevailed upon to allow the remainder of the year to pass without attempting to increase the list of enterprises, we may yet avoid any serious financial disturbance, and float in what may be considered smooth water for some short period. If the experience of the past does afford lessons of usefulness, it would show the prudence of accepting this advice.

There was at one time a general expectation that full rates for accommodation would rule through the whole of the winter months. Though the circumstances which warranted this impression have partially changed, it is yet far from certain that they are altogether removed. Since, however, there is now no apprehension of a desire for corn purchases, which would have at least involved a total of £15,000,000 or £20,000,000, one great source of prospective mischief has been averted. Another contingency involved in the progress of the American war—viz., the defeat of Hooker and the raid of General Lee into Pennsylvania—gave rise to the impression that the current of events would lead to a peace patched up on some basis or another; and if that had been the case, the whole phase of financial affairs would have been immediately altered. Now that the course of hostilities has so wonderfully changed in favour of the North, not the least chance exists of a speedy termination of hostilities, and the consequence is that specie continues to flow from the other side of the Atlantic in liquidation of engagements here, and also, if rumour is to be credited, to provide for the future maintenance of many who propose to abandon the Northern States for permanent residence in England. The influx of capital from America will go on increasing, the state of the exchange being calculated to drive it hither, and the strong

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THERE is little doubt that our knowledge respecting the best kind of iron we should use for our guns, and the efficacy of the fire of various kinds of artillery, is, notwithstanding all we have done in the way of experiments, in a more empirical and unsatisfactory condition than is desirable. Four thousand yards are over two miles and a quarter, and yet the Federal cast-iron guns planted on Morris Island have knocked Fort Sumter to pieces—very much on a par with demolishing the Tower from Kennington-oval. It may be very true that Fort Sumter was an old-fashioned fort, but the stoutest of modern brickwork (and very questionably even granite) would not have stood the Federal 200 and 400-pounders, any more than the riddled fortress now in ruins. Our smaller rifled guns would doubtless have knocked it to pieces. In fact, nothing in the way of masonry or brickwork that we can build up, but guns can knock down. It is only a question of so much battering. If the surface do not resist the shot, sooner or later the face of the fort will give in. Between a shot striking a granite wall and pounding out an inch deep of material, and one striking a brick wall and pounding out ten inches, there is only a difference of time. The ultimate destruction is as certain, although it may take ten times as long, and ten times the material, to effect it. But it is no cause of alarm that big guns should knock masonry forts to pieces. We know what sand will do unaided, and it might be well to try what it will do if we help it a little. The positive destruction of masonry forts brings the mind naturally to the guns. Upon them the national intellect should first be fixed—they deal alike with fort and ship. It is useless to plead that as fast as we make thicker plates for defence our artilleryists make guns to pierce them; it would be wrong to look hopelessly at such experiments and believe they may be continued *ad infinitum*. Just as surely as given the size of a ship we can calculate the extreme thickness of plating she will carry without sinking, so surely do we believe can be calculated the extent to which we can make big guns. There is a point at which iron must yield to the force of powder, no matter what its thickness—and we see no reason why the extent of the charge of powder we can use should not be theoretically worked out. The force we have after all to resist the exploding forces is molecular attraction, or the cohesion of the metallic particles together—and it would *a priori* seem that there must be a limit to this power. Water has little coherent power and dashes itself to pieces in foam upon our shores; lead, iron, brass rods are broken asunder, by the gravity of so many pounds' weight, by one natural force overcoming another—and so the elasticity of the atoms of every substance will give a yielding point for every internal cylinder, and every surface will sooner or later crack—once a crack established, no matter how fine a crack, and the destruction of the gun is fixed.

But the chief point of interest in the Charleston guns is the antagonism of their principles to those on which we have been constructing our own artillery. The Federal guns have been throwing heavy shot at low velocities upon Fort Sumter; the aim of the English Government has been to throw smaller shot at the highest possible velocity, if it have had any aim at all, and if the subserviency to this principle be not the result of mere accident. Many advantages would attend this high velocity principle if it be practicable, and many disadvantages. To fire at high velocities with light guns is practically to apply the heaviest firing charge to the smallest possible resistance of metal, and consequently to subject the gun to the greatest amount of wear and tear. The lighter the gun, the easier to move; the smaller the shot, the lighter to carry; the less weight of the guns, the more we can put on shipboard; we know all this, but iron has its limit of strength, and the real value of the two systems may be practically dependent on circumstances. Where heavy guns can be planted, as on Morris Island, and having got the range can effectually destroy, a question of economy may well come in. And if cast-iron guns, costing £100 a piece, will do as much work with 400-lb. shot, or 200-lb. bolts, at low velocities, and last as long as wrought-iron coil guns at £300, firing steel-pointed shot costing £25, the saving will be a considerable item where two or three thousand shot are fired at a single fort to reduce it. It is perfectly true that the power of a projectile being as the square of the weight multiplied by the velocity, a 40-lb. ball, travelling at a high rate, could be made to equal in striking-force a 400-lb. shot going at a lower rate, but the difference of work would have to be got out of the gun. With the high velocity the heaviest force of explosion would come upon the smallest amount of surface and the least thickness of metal, while the low velocity would have the advantage of a proportionately lower charge acting on a larger surface and greater bulk of metal. Moreover, it is perfectly certain that the bigger the shot the bigger the hole it would make, and the greater would be its own power of coherence. If we wanted to break a great rock we should employ a sledge-hammer, and not expend a violent effort of the arm upon a sixpenny toy to make up in quickness of blow for the absence of weight.

In considering the effects of the 440lb. shot upon the Confederate iron-clad we must remember that a covering-built up of one inch iron plates has a resistance of only the square root of the resistance of our solid iron ships, and that therefore that of our 4½ inch plates would be four and a half times greater; consequently, to do the like amount of damage, the velocity of the shot must be vastly increased. The Americans have not yet made solid plates, and it becomes again therefore a question of guns and calculation. If our

lighter shot with high velocities will penetrate the plank-iron turret-boats, and their 400lb. guns cannot throw their bolts at low velocities through our broadside-ships, the lightest guns will evidently be the best on shipboard, provided they have equal strength of constitution. Unfortunately, our experiments on artillery do not enlighten us as we could wish. We have had experiments with guns of all sizes, sorts, and calibres, with all sorts of charges, while the practical standard that is wanted for theorizing—the firing of equal weights of shots with equal charges of powder from different kinds of guns, to show the numbers of rounds each weapon will stand—is wanting. And until we have scientific experiments, conducted upon regular and scientific principles, as courses towards eliciting certain practical ends, it will be better for the nation that both systems be encouraged and developed, and that our arsenals be provided with heavy as well as light guns; for, as every weapon is fitted to special purposes, so in warfare there will be use for high and low velocities, broadside-ships, and turret-ships. Variety of weapons will be better than weapons only of one class; in everyday life we require carts as well as carriages. The special data of the American weapons, on which accurate scientific conclusions alone could be founded, are not yet before us; but a nation at peace must necessarily work by theory, and by foresight provide the most effective tools for every possible emergency and condition in the rough usages of war.

THE architectural world will hear with regret the death, at the early age of 43, of Mr. William Butler, an accomplished architectural draughtsman, and a man of singular integrity and amiability of disposition. Educated as an architect, and the pupil of an eminent man now living, the early part of his life was devoted to the practical pursuit of his profession; but of late years he had confined himself exclusively to the artistic portion, and occupied a similar position to that held by Gandy and the elder Allom at the commencement of the present century. A large proportion of the best architectural drawings produced during the last ten years were by his hand, and he also executed a great many beautiful lithographs of public buildings.

WHAT the "Greek fire" is which the Americans are now using against Charleston, is not known in this country. The ancient "Greek fire" was invented in the seventh century, when the Arabs besieged Constantinople in 668, by Callinicus of Heliopolis, who deserted from the Caliph to the Greeks. Its nature is unknown, although the Baron Cotta is said to have discovered a MS. in the library of Munich, containing a formula of its composition. It would almost seem to have been a kind of gunpowder, or to have had saltpetre for its basis, as sometimes it was fired, wrapped in flax on javelins, to set fire to buildings, and at other times for throwing stone balls from metallic tubes against the enemy. It was continued in use during the thirteenth century. The American missiles, probably, contain naphtha or rock-oil.

MR. H. A. NEWTON, of Yale College, draws an evidence of the cosmical origin of shooting stars, derived from the dates of early star-showers. The return of the August and other showers on fixed days of the year might possibly be due to meteorological changes; but if the magnetism, heat, electricity, and other properties of the atmosphere produce these annual phenomena, the period should evidently be the tropical year. On the other hand, if rings of these bodies revolving about the sun are met by the earth in April, August, November, &c., thus causing these showers, the cycle should be the sidereal year. The nodes of the rings move along the ecliptic, but at a rate different from the precession of the equinoxes. The dates of the earlier showers show quite clearly that the true period is not widely different from the sidereal year.

MR. BROWNING has introduced the decimal system in an anemometer constructed on Dr. Robinson's principle. It registers from one-tenth of a mile to a thousand miles without attention. The indices can be set to zero at pleasure, thus obviating the necessity of noting down previous readings.

DR. G. D. GIBB has shown that voluntary closure of the glottis, independently of the act of breathing, can be accomplished by temporarily holding the breath and voluntarily acting upon the muscles of the larynx and opening and shutting the glottis at pleasure. This action can be seen with the laryngoscope. Dr. Gibb has also made further observations upon the normal position of the epiglottis. In the examination of 680 healthy persons he had found eleven in every hundred possess a pendant epiglottis, being more or less oblique or transverse, and therefore covering up, to some extent, the opening of the larynx. This is so inconvenient in the event of disease of the throat that he recommends that every child should be examined.

A VERY good synopsis of the geology of Durham and part of Northumberland, by Messrs. Howse and Kirkby, was published by the Tyneside Naturalists Field Club, for the use of members of the British Association in their excursions during the late meeting.

WHAT the physical causes, internal or external, are that produce the magnetic system of our earth is yet an unresolved problem, and conceiving that the basis of this research might be found on the complete knowledge of the state of the system as also of the secular variation,—not only of a single epoch but also of the periodic variations, daily and annual,—Mr. Hansteen, of Christiania, with this view, has attempted to make a collection of all the published magnetic observations principally at such places where a series has been made during many years. Comparing those of the Royal Observatory of Brussels for thirty years, he finds that the annual variation of inclination is, since 1830, less at Christiania than at Brussels; but the declination is greater since 1845.

M. JULES REISET, from numerous experiments on the alimentation and fattening of cattle, made with the view to ascertain the economic conditions of the production of meat, comes to a conclusion against the rapid fattening of sheep, as not in accordance with the power of assimilation of the animals, and condemns, as unwonted and too burthensome, the use of grain or cake in the early stage of fattening. Before giving nitrogenous food—grain or cake—he considers it important to well "ballast" the beasts with an abundant nourishment, but of a cheap kind, such as beet, or pulp of beet with straw, whether for sheep or oxen, thus got into such a state that a small quantity of corn will suffice to complete the fattening. By following this method he has obtained good animals for the butcher, paying their keep and leaving a profit.

M. JANSSEN, like Dr. Gladstone, disputes the conclusions of M. Secchi as to the lines in the stellar spectra being due to aqueous vapour. The telluric rays are, he says, always visible in the spectro-scope, but their intensity depends on the height of the sun above the horizon, that is to say, on the thickness of the atmosphere traversed by his rays.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

EVERYTHING now so much depends upon the course of the money market, that the public will for the next two or three months be vigilantly watching every symptom of change that may from time to time be presented. Surrounded as the financial community have been through the past year by a number of doubtful contingencies, it is satisfactory to discover that the order of things has, with few exceptions, been comparatively steady, and that though variations have occurred in the rate of discount, they have not been of a character to create intense alarm, or produce a disturbance terminating in general disaster. The one great thing that has saved us is the harvest, and though at present it is not finally completed, sufficient progress has been made to leave no doubt of its general abundance and superior quality. Had the crops either here or on the Continent been unfavourably affected by the weather, and thus proved below an average, the consequences would have been most fatal; and instead of our seeing money at 4, we should in all probability have had the rate ruling at the enhanced point of 5 per cent.

The market price being now at the lower level would appear to indicate a healthy state of things, particularly as no pressure has ensued, notwithstanding that the number of companies organised has been enormous. This apparent soundness, if it in reality exists, must in a degree be attributed to the beneficial influence of the warnings which have been given to those engaged in these operations as to the responsibility thus incurred if they were carried too far. The check, therefore, every now and then interposed to the wild excitement which has occasionally threatened to overturn everything, has produced such "fear and trembling" among the arch-institigators of the movement, that they have themselves involuntarily paused lest the Frankenstein of their own creation should destroy their prospects and resources. Having now, as it is hoped, struggled safely through the first phase of difficulty, if they can only be prevailed upon to allow the remainder of the year to pass without attempting to increase the list of enterprises, we may yet avoid any serious financial disturbance, and float in what may be considered smooth water for some short period. If the experience of the past does afford lessons of usefulness, it would show the prudence of accepting this advice.

There was at one time a general expectation that full rates for accommodation would rule through the whole of the winter months. Though the circumstances which warranted this impression have partially changed, it is yet far from certain that they are altogether removed. Since, however, there is now no apprehension of a desire for corn purchases, which would have at least involved a total of £15,000,000 or £20,000,000, one great source of prospective mischief has been averted. Another contingency involved in the progress of the American war—viz., the defeat of Hooker and the raid of General Lee into Pennsylvania—gave rise to the impression that the current of events would lead to a peace patched up on some basis or another; and if that had been the case, the whole phase of financial affairs would have been immediately altered. Now that the course of hostilities has so wonderfully changed in favour of the North, not the least chance exists of a speedy termination of hostilities, and the consequence is that specie continues to flow from the other side of the Atlantic in liquidation of engagements here, and also, if rumour is to be credited, to provide for the future maintenance of many who propose to abandon the Northern States for permanent residence in England. The influx of capital from America will go on increasing, the state of the exchange being calculated to drive it hither, and the strong

effect of operations in this respect is becoming daily more visible in the stock of bullion retained by the New York banks. No prospect, therefore, is open of a revival of trade either with the principal cities of Philadelphia, Boston, or New York, and much less Baltimore, New Orleans, and Charleston, all great consumers of English products in the days of peace and general prosperity. Mercantile relations must consequently continue restricted, and whatever business in those channels may be transacted, it will be for cash to be forwarded at once in the shape of remittance. Meanwhile, to augment our metallic resources gold is coming in from Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia; and the central market for the precious metals being here we shall gain the advantage, though it may be only temporary. Before now we should have witnessed the effect of this accumulation upon the resources of the Bank had it not been for the absorption of capital in agricultural operations, which have at least taken from £750,000 to £1,250,000 for distribution throughout the provinces. A similar diffusion, if not to the same extent, will take place in Ireland and Scotland in the course of the next three or four weeks, to accelerate their harvest engagements, and therefore the strain upon the bullion department is heavy, and will not be mitigated till the middle or the end of October. This money will sooner or later return to the Bank, and a portion, it is already believed, is finding its way there, but the great reflux has not occurred, or that establishment would have been in a better position, with a larger reserve of notes and an increased proportion of coin.

The most important circumstance now to be considered is whether the rate of discount will be reduced, and, if it is likely to be reduced, when it will take place, and how far the situation of finance and trade will be affected by the alteration. Looking at the existing condition of the Bank, and to the future prospects of general business, it seems to be the impression among the best-informed bankers and brokers that we shall have a reduction of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the official rate at or about the payment of the October dividends. This is based on the assumption that all danger of hostilities in connection with Poland has passed, that there are no fresh questions of diplomacy to be raised in European affairs, and that speculation will be as much as possible discouraged. The natural result will be increased confidence in all quarters, locked-up capital will be released and circulate more freely, and the resources of accommodation become enlarged. Although it is not generally admitted, the fact is pretty self-evident, from what is seen in ordinary financial circles, that even while the Lombard-street and Cornhill rate is maintained on a par with that current at the Bank, the large brokers could, if they chose, do the main bulk of their business a quarter per cent. lower, but they endeavour as much as possible to secure extensive returns, so as to make the largest amount of profit. With the exception of the competition among the second and third-class brokers, there is not now, as there was a year or two ago, such neck-and-neck rivalry. The leading houses each possess their separate and different connections, and they work in them to advantage, preserving equality of quotations as near each other as is consistent with the average quotations in the open market. The old grievance, however, of not being admitted to the Bank to obtain assistance, save during the six weeks previously to the payment of the dividends, seems to encourage them to inconvenience that establishment, when the slightest push exists for money, by "sending everybody to Threadneedle-street," if they themselves do not desire to do the business. In this way it is that the rate is so fully supported; and unless there is a complete glut, the public will never derive any benefit from the supposed antagonism. When the bullion suddenly comes back to the Bank, and when the dividends enter into free circulation, then the directors may be in a situation to lower their terms; and if this shall take place, then the brokers will again be forced into action, and some short time must be allowed for prices to assimilate. The brokers will then, if the abundance of supplies be more than ever manifest, cut a trifle under the Bank rate to secure the best of the business; but this will not continue for any lengthened period, as there will be again a natural reaction in the value towards the end of the year, certainly in November and December; and then the quotations will once more be tending upwards.

It will be accepted as satisfactory evidence of steady prosperity if the rate shall be maintained at 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and no mischief will ensue if it should even go to 5. On the other hand, it will be a matter of regret if any undue drop shall follow in the terms of discount, since it would serve as a pretext for a renewal of speculation, which may occasion derangement and disaster. At the present instant two events are said to be looming in the future, and if the Emperor is bent upon realizing these rumours, they may sensibly interfere, not only with the course of the London money-market, but also with those of Paris, Amsterdam, and Frankfurt. The first is the negotiation of an enormous loan for Mexico, under French sanction, for a sum of £28,000,000 sterling, £8,000,000 to be appropriated for the payment of French expenditure for the intervention; the second is a new loan for France herself, to arrange her own financial difficulties, and put the last budget on all-fours with current disbursements. Transactions of this magnitude and description would at once throw out of the reckoning any estimates of ease or practical reduction in rates; and, therefore, should M. Fould and his Imperial master seek assistance, either for Mexico or their own country, the responsibility of that movement at this advanced season must be left with them. How far

they may succeed we will not pretend to predict; but we consider that the credulity of the public will be largely made available if such operations as these are to be simultaneously attempted.

THE Bank directors did not alter the rate of discount on Thursday. The half-yearly court has just taken place, and the dividend for the six months was $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The directors were appealed to with a view to extending business, but they persevere in supporting the rate.

THE amount of bullion sent into the Bank on Thursday afternoon was £117,000. Previously in the course of the week £155,000 was purchased; on the other hand, £100,000 savings were withdrawn for Brazil. According to the weekly account, the directors cannot at present reduce the rate. There is a decrease of some £160,000 in the bullion; and the reserve has only risen a fraction above what it was last week.

A NEW Austrian Bank has made its appearance; concession for 90 years and other privileges. In the midst of the existing bank mania it may float, as the greater part of the capital is stated to be already subscribed.

IN addition to new loans for Mexico and France, others are talked of for Spain, Greece, and Portugal. It would be madness to bring them forward at this juncture; the different parties interested should wait a more convenient opportunity.

THE terms for discount are $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 for first-class paper, and the rate quoted by the *Times* of $3\frac{1}{2}$ is not known in the general market. The Joint Stock Banks will not move below $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$, and therefore it is not likely the bankers will take money at a loss.

CONSOLS after being good have gone back a shade. An uneasy feeling with regard to war with America and the settlement of the account appear to have disturbed quotations. For money, the last price was $93\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$, and $93\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$.

WE have had quite a fever heat in foreign securities. Mexican has been the chief favourite, and the other classes principally dealt in have been Greek, Turkish, and Spanish. The rise has been quite as much as it was rumoured it would be in several of these Stocks. A reaction has, the last day or two, occurred, but that was to be expected from the extensive improvement. Mexican, on Thursday, was $41\frac{1}{2}$ to 42; Spanish Passive, $35\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$; Greek, $37\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$; Turkish Consolidés, $53\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. The arrangement of the account will commence on Monday. Meanwhile, heaviness may be expected, but subsequently a fresh and rapid rise is predicted among the dealers.

RAILWAY shares remain extremely quiescent. Their time will shortly come. The Great Western dividend is equal to £1. 14s. 3d. per cent. per annum—not a very flourishing announcement considering the amalgamation. The dividend, however, at the corresponding time last year was 10s. per cent. per annum.

ALL new Bank shares have been in the ascendant. Indian, Brazilian, and African have severally advanced, through purchases for investment. The old establishments are well supported, and the new are transacting a good business. The meetings of some of these establishments this next month will, it is affirmed, be very encouraging.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Archbold's (J. F.) *Poor Law*. 11th edit. 12mo., 30s.
Balance (The); or, Episcopacy Defended. By Internuncio. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Border and Bastille. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." 2nd edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Boy's Miscellany (The). Vol. 1. 4to., 3s. 6d.
Brewer's (J. A.) Flora of Surrey. Fcap., 7s. 6d.
Chambers's Handy Guide to the Kent and Sussex Coasts. Fcap., 1s.
Crowquill's (A.) Tales for Children. 2 Vols. Imperial 16mo., 2s. 6d. each.
Delmar Family (The). By the Author of "Obedience the Great Lesson." Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Eleanor's Victory. By M. E. Braddon. 3 Vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
Emily Bathurst; or, At Home and Abroad. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Examination Papers for the Civil Service of India, July, 1863. Folio, 2s. 6d.
First Steps in Drawing, for Beginners. 4to., 3s. 6d.
Foreign Classics.—Ballads of Uhland, Goethe, Schiller, &c. By Bielefeld. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Glen's (W. C.) Public Works (Manufacturing Districts) Act, with Notes, &c. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Gronow's (Captain R. H.) Recollections and Anecdotes. 2nd edit. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Hardinge's (H.) The Creation: a Poem. 8vo., 5s.
Israel Hartmann, as Youth, Husband, and Schoolmaster. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
Jackson (Stonewall): a Biographical Sketch. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Jackson's (Dr. J.) Sinfulness of Little Sins. 15th edit. 18mo., 1s.
Jones's (E. L.) Standard Arithmetic. Fcap., 6d.
Kate Campbell. By C. D. Bell. 4th edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Nation's (W. H. C.) Trifles: a Collection of Tales. Fcap., 2s.
Next Door: a Novel. By Mrs. Thomson. 3 Vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
Nightingale's (Florence) Observations on the Sanitary State of the Army in India. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Novello's (V.) Psalmist. Instrumental Score. 4to., 10s. 6d.
Reid's (Captain Mayne) Croquet. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Sandby's (W.) History of the Church of Christ. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Shadows of Truth; or, Thoughts and Allegories. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
Sunday Evenings: a Second Series of Short Addresses. By a Lady. Fcap., 3s.
Taylor's (C. B.) May You Like It. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
Thomson's (Dr. Spencer) Domestic Medicine and Surgery. New edit. Crown 8vo., 7s.
Tourrier's (J.) Key to Self-teaching French Grammar. 12mo., 4s.
Wilson's (W.) Nine Easy Anthems. 4to., 1s.
Winslow (Mrs.) Memoir of (Life in Jesus). By Dr. O. Winslow. New edit. Crown 8vo., 5s.
Wynter's (Dr. A.) Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers. Post 8vo., 6s.